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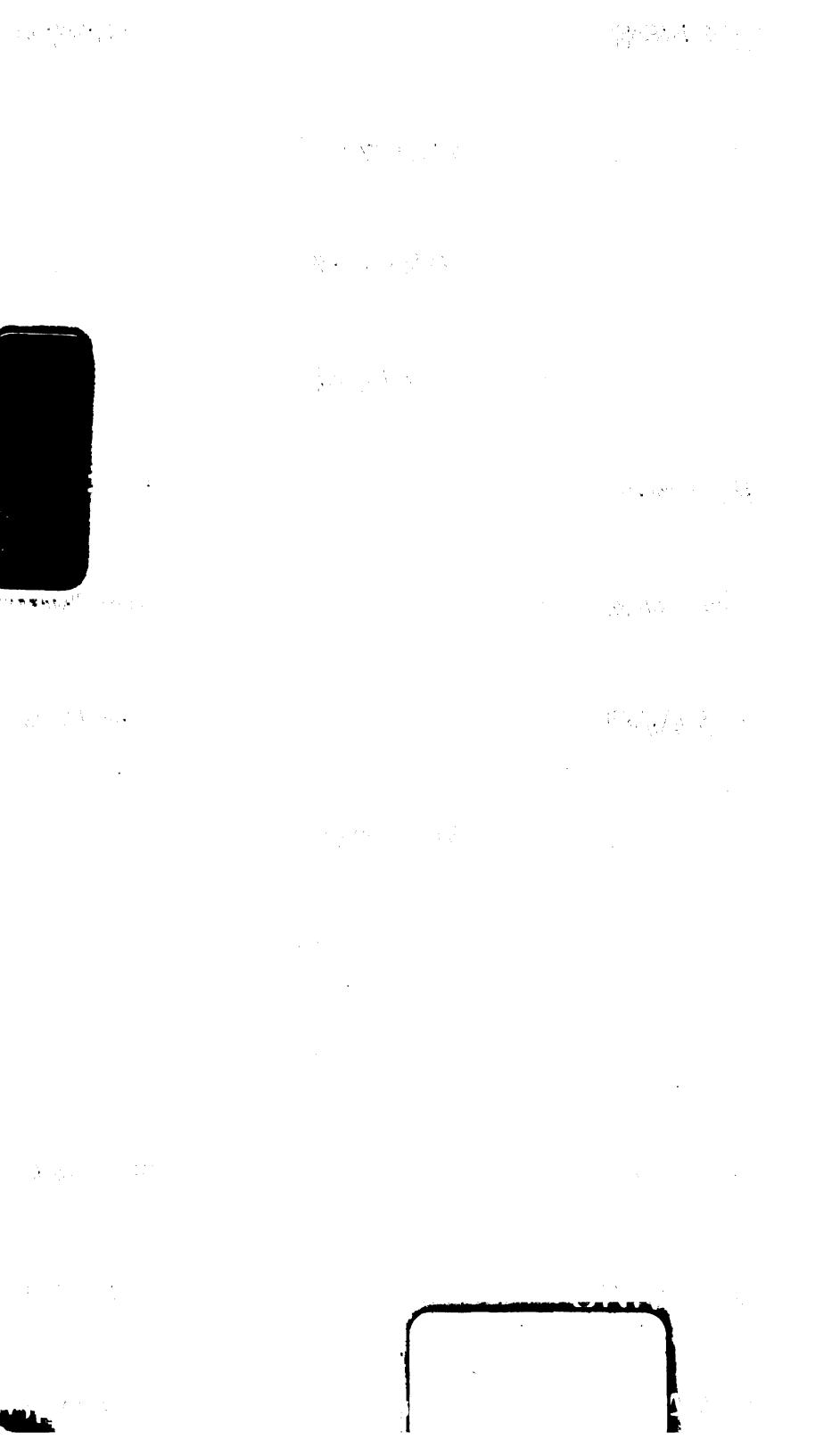
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1921. 1922. 1923.



THE
GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS NOW PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY J. G. HOLMAN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ABROAD AND AT HOME;" "VOTARY OF
WEALTH," &c. &c.

LONDON:

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THE AUTHOR of this COMEDY

respectfully inscribes it to

MRS. SIDDONS,

as a memorial of his admiration of her
transcendant talents, and of his attachment
to the profession of which he is proud of
being a member.

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR*, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

DRYDEN, a Poet of no vulgar name,
But high among the noblest Heirs of Fame,
A Poet and a Politician too,
Who well the world, and all its humours knew,
Declar'd his wish that "Judges of the town
" Would pass a vote to put all prologues down;"
Demanding proof, if "since they first were writ,
" They e'er converted one hard-hearted Wit."
'Tis true a timid supplicating air
May oft be deem'd the signal of Despair,
That marks the conscious weakness of a cause,
And tempts the Critics to with-hold applause,
Who if a Bard with courage took the field,
Might catch his ardour, and indulgent yield.
Dryden might well this daring spirit try,
Whose vig'rous genius could his foes defy;
Our humble Bard, who no such pow'rs can boast,
Submissive bows before the Critic Host,
And sends a Prologue, in the usual style,
To deprecate your frowns, and court your smile:
Not merely to let Custom have her due,
But to repeat his gratitude to you;
His gratitude for many a kindness past,
Which unimpair'd will on his mem'ry last,
Nor can he doubt you'll all to-night agree
That lenity should temper the decree.

* To the elegant pen of this Gentleman the Author of the Comedy is indebted for both Prologue and Epilogue; and he has great pleasure in publicly expressing his sense of obligation for assistance so essential, afforded with the most friendly alacrity.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord De Mallory	Mr. YOUNG.
Sir Harry Aspen	Mr. JONES.
Major Clayton	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Mr. Heartworth	Mr. MUNDEN.
Doctor Suitall	Mr. FAWCETT.
Randall	Mr. MURRAY.
Spruce	Mr. HAMERTON.
Lady Julia Sandford	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Dowager Lady De Mallory	Mrs. WESTON.
Miss Alford	Miss BOLTON.
Mrs. Leech	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Ellen Meredith	Miss S. BOOTH.

The lines marked with single inverted commas are omitted in representation.

THE
GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An old Hall in the Castle of De Mallory,
decorated with Armour, Trophies, &c.*

SPRUCE *discovered.*

MERCY on me, a second dismal day! and here am I likely to waste the precious hours of my youth, for a whole month. I shall begin to notch like Robinson Crusoe. My master, I hear, has some distant chance of inheriting this piece of melancholy magnificence; but it would be to him in every sense a dismal acquisition; for the best gentleman's gentleman in existence would then most peremptorily take his leave of him.

RANDALL *enters.*

Ran. Ah, Mr. Spruce—here you are, I see—no doubt meditating and reflecting on departed heroes.

Sp. Yes, Sir, yes—and heartily wishing myself a departed hero too.

Ran. That is nobly spoken.—Who would not die to obtain their renown?

Sp. Not I, upon my soul? for if I could not depart without dying, I'd stay here for ever, dull as it is.

Ran. Dull, Sir! I am heartily sorry we make De Mallory Castle so unpleasant to you.

Sp. My dear friend, you mistake me. Your cheerful face is the only thing that comforts me—you look like a fine smiling evergreen in a churchyard, or like the comical gravedigger in Hamlet—full of merriment, though surrounded by the fragments of mortality.

Ran. Ha! you are a joker. But how does your worthy master, Sir Harry Aspen? I was not in the way when he arrived yesterday.

Sp. My master is as usual, Sir, always the fidget—but a servant, you know, should hide his master's foibles.

Ran. Surely not, surely not.

Sp. Oh, I would not for kingdoms, tell any body what an absurd fellow my master is.

Ran. If he be absurd, it would certainly be wrong in you to make it known.

Sp. Wrong! it would be criminal, Sir,—criminal in the last degree—and what of all things would most torment him; for the terror of his life, Sir, is being an object for people to laugh at!

Ran. Be careful then.

Sp. You need not caution me—particularly in this house; for, of all families in the world he would most dread being ridiculed here.

Ran. Certainly—a man can least bear disrespect from his own relations—he is, you know, a branch of the male line of this family.

Sp. Yes; and he is desirous to entwine with a branch of the female line of this family.

Ran. How do you mean?

Sp. He wants to blend branches' with Lady lia Sandford.

Ran. Poh, poh—you are jesting—Lady Julia is

destined to be united to her cousin, Lord De Mallory, whom we are daily expecting.

Sp. Indeed! Don't be too sure of that.

Ran. You are ignorant of the family arrangements, I find—well, well, I will enlighten you. You must know, then, that the present Lord De Mallory's grandfather, proud of his rank, and great alliances, and highly incensed at the marriage of one of his sisters in a way which he thought degrading, determined to take on himself the disposal of his family, down to the second generation.

Sp. That was very considerate, and certainly the plan to save wavering dispositions a great deal of trouble. 'How kind in one's grandfather to free one from the perplexity of thinking for one's self.'

Ran. Well—his son, and his two daughters, he matched to his mind, during his life, and beheld them blessed with children;—this pleased him highly; for he now saw the prospect of excluding exceptionable alliances by intermarriages in his own illustrious house.

Sp. This scheme must have comforted old Stately, marvellously.

Ran. Old Stately! Fie, fie—be more respectful.

'*Sp.* Well, I'll try. Get on with your story. Heaven knows where it will end—we have already been through two generations.

'*Ran.* Patience, you prattler!' He entailed his immense estates on his grandson, the present Lord De Mallory, with the stipulation, that at a stated period, which is nearly arrived, he should marry his first cousin, Lady Julia Sandford.

Sp. But how if she refuse?

Ran. Refuse! Impossible. Why, by refusing, she would forfeit every shilling of her fortune.

Sp. My master doesn't care for that.

Ran. Plague take your master!

Sp. With all my heart.—But I say—suppose Lady Julia were to refuse Lord De Mallory, what is he to do then?

Ran. Hé? Why then he must marry his other first cousin, the Honourable Miss Alford, who is now on a visit here.

Sp. And if Lord De Mallory should be rebellious enough to oppose the intentions of his old match-making grandfather, and take a wife of his own choice, what would be the consequence to him?

Ran. Ruin. The whole family estate would go to your master, who, though a distant relation to Lord De Mallory, is the nearest male representative.

(Bell rings loudly.)

Sp. What the devil is the alarm bell ringing for?

Ran. Ha, ha, ha! The alarm bell! It is the bell in your master's chamber—it is only to alarm you.

Sp. Heaven preserve me! Between the sight of metal, *(Pointing to the armour)* and the sound of it, my nerves will be shaking the whole time I am here.

Ran. I see Lady Julia coming this way. Do go to Sir Harry, pray—be so kind as to leave me now, Mr. Spruce, or you will deprive me of the happiness of hearing her sweet tongue prattle—Bless her! she is an angel.

Sp. Yes; and I know who will be master of the angel. Well, with two such treasures,—an angel for a wife, and your humble servant for a valet, if he don't consider himself well appointed, he is a most unconscionable man.

[Exit SPRUCE.]

LADY JULIA enters, singing.

Ran. Ah! dear Lady Julia—always cheerful, always gay—

Lady Jul. Yes: it is good for the constitution—

I intend to be a healthy blooming old gentlewoman. Only think, now, of your plump rosy cheeks at seventy-five—Why, you surely don't suppose that you owe those to nothing but air and exercise—Bless your merry old heart! if that had not beat to the tune of good-humour you would now have just such a wrinkled wizened phiz; as my Lady Fidget—and she is but forty-seven.

Ran. You dear pleasant creature!

Lady Jul. Besides, the pains it must take some people to make themselves miserable, who have not a trouble in the world, would not suit my indolent habits. Why there is Mrs. Carecourt with every comfort in life, but a husband—and she is rich enough to buy a dozen of the best that can be brought to market, yet will she, poor silly soul! lie awake a whole night, to hammer out vexations that may keep her awake for a fortnight to come.

Ran. Ah! my dear Lady, all are not blessed with your sweet disposition.

Lady Jul. Why, then, let those who are not gifted, only labour half as hard to be happy, as they do to be wretched, and, my life for it, they succeed. It is very foolish that people don't know what they would be at—To be sure, they'll tell you, in an instant, what it is they most wish; but then they set about gaining their point, mighty oddly—One, is all for comfort; and is as cross as the very devil, that every body around, may contribute to give it her.—With another, oh! gaiety is the delight of her heart—and she therefore chooses to be dull and peevish, to encourage you to enliven her. Why won't the foolish creatures learn, that whatever is to be purchased, good humour is the coin to procure it?

Ran. Your sweet example would make the most froward, good tempered. Ah! Lady Julia, if Lord De Mallory should happen to have any

little remains of his boyish ill-humours, how soon will your cheerfulness cure him !

Lady Jul. I cure him ! Impossible. No, no. I am not so daring a Doctor as to undertake such an obstinate case. Lord De Mallory ! Oh, if you love me, don't mention the hob-goblin.

Ran. Hobgoblin ! Is that a name for a husband ?

Lady Jul. Yes, I am afraid, a very common one—but as it is not an appellation I mean to bestow upon mine, I shall avoid making choice of Lord De Mallory.

Ran. But how will you avoid it, my dear Lady ?

Lady Jul. Why, he can't marry me by main force, can he ?

Ran. I have heard of such things.

Lady Jul. Have you indeed ? Then I have a great mind to run away before he comes.

Ran. Oh, you wild thing, you !

Lady Jul. I am resolved on it—Why all the right a poor woman has, (unless she be contented to live a solitary spinster) is to be a slave her own way. If I must have a lord and master, I am determined he shall be of my own choosing. Oh, I'll run away.

Ran. Run away, indeed ! Where would you go ? your brother you know is abroad.

Lady Jul. Yes, yes, or I should not be at a loss where to go. He is my natural protector, and I am sure, would save me from the chains which his high mightiness, my old grandfather, forged for me. Oh, I'll run away.

Ran. Ha, ha ! And what will you do when you have run away ?

Lady Jul. Any thing, sooner than be married against my will. Oh ! I'll do a thousand things—Why, I'll—Lord ! I declare, now I begin to think on it, I don't know what I should do.

Ran. Ah, you flighty creature! Well, well, in spite of all you say, I shall live to dance on my old knees, a pretty little baby of yours, that will call Lord De Mallory, papa.

Lady Jul. Why then, I beg you'll whip him, for being a very story-telling little urchin. A baby of mine, call Lord De Mallory father! Why, I'd rather—What shall I say? I'd rather—never have a baby as long as I live. *(Exit Lady Julia.)*

Ran. Go your ways, go your ways, for a dear merry soul—Ah! Lord De Mallory you were a perverse boy to sour that sweet creature's mind towards you—but come, come, I will live in hope that you are grown a different being, and that the man is wise enough to prize a treasure of which the boy did not know the value. *[Exit Randal.]*

SCENE II.—*A Park, with De Mallory Castle at a little distance.*

Sir HARRY ASPEN and SPRUCE.

Sir H. I say, Spruce,—have you looked me carefully over?

Sp. Yes, Sir Harry, very carefully.

Sir H. I'll take another turn tho', and mind now my good fellow, that you examine me strictly again.

[Walks along for Spruce to observe him.]

Sp. All's right, Sir Harry, depend on it—Nothing about you that could move the muscles of the most confirmed joker in existence.

Sir H. That's well—for you know, Spruce, there is nothing too trifling, now-a-days, to make even a first-rate character an object of ridicule.

Sp. Very true, Sir Harry.

Sir H. A coat buttoned awry, or a knee-string left untied, *(finding one of his not fastened.)* Oh, curse your carelessness—there, there—I am a mine-

nable man. You must have some base design, Sir, in such conduct—I see plainly you are plotting my ruin.

Sp. Really, Sir Harry, I am very sorry,—but indeed it must have happened by some accident. *(fastening it.)*

Sir H. What if it did, Sir? The same accident did not take away your eye sight—ah, Spruce, Spruce! will you never reflect, that a reputation a man has been labouring years to obtain, may all be blown into the air in a moment, by the infernal explosion of a damned horse-laugh!

Sp. Pray, Sir Harry, be cool—all is right now.

Sir H. Well, well, well—I am of a forgiving temper—But I say, Spruce—have you heard any of the family mention me?

Sp. No, Sir Harry.

Sir H. What, really Spruce, in good earnest, you have not heard any little lively—damn'd coarse jokes made at my expense.

Sp. No, indeed, Sir Harry.

Sir H. May be they are shy before you—Have you any reason to suppose they make free with me when you are out of the way? Do they wink much? That is a vile habit.

Sp. Oh, no, Sir Harry—never.

Sir H. And don't they whisper?

Sp. A little, Sir Harry.

Sir H. The devil they do!

Sp. Yes, Sir Harry—but I overheard—

Sir H. Well—what? Was it something very impertinent? Come, come—I am prepared—tell me the worst.

Sp. You shall have it, Sir Harry—I overheard Mrs. Tattle say, that Lady Julia, her mistress, thought you—

Sir H. Quick, quick—What—what did she think me?

Sp. A most accomplished gentleman.

Sir H. Come, come—you are joking now.

Sp. Serious, Sir Harry—serious as when you are giving me a jobation.

Sir H. Well—I always considered Lady Julia a girl of remarkable discernment. I must be particularly anxious to preserve this favourable impression. Of course, I can rely on your reporting me as you ought.

Sp. Oh, Sir Harry, can you doubt—

Sir H. No—no—I don't—but there is a saying which I believe has some truth in it—that no man is a hero to his valet—but if that valet, Sir, is monster enough to make a jest of his master's little weaknesses—but there again, I am pretty secure—I am not aware, Spruce, of having any particularly weak points—am not in the habit of behaving very absurdly—

Sp. Oh, no, Sir Harry.

Sir H. To be sure, little mishaps will occur to every body—but they should never be hinted at—You'll be particularly cautious not to mention that unlucky event which happened to me last winter, in Parliament.

Sp. What was that, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Oh—you never heard of it? Then don't mind, it is not worth mentioning.

Sp. Only, Sir Harry, that if it should be hinted at, I may be able, perhaps, to explain it away.

Sir H. Then you'll succeed better than I did—I could never explain it away.—I thought to make a brilliant speech—subject matter all in my head—bursting with superabundant imagery—was three times called to order, for interrupting the member on his legs—at last he sat down—Now, whether his dull prose of three hours, threw a cloud over my imagination, or whether the dread of a failure, which unluckily popped into my mind, enfeebled me, I know not—but somehow, my voice failed—my eyes grew dim—the chair vanished from my sight—and my utmost effort at articulation, could not get me so far as “Mr. Speaker”—My knees

tottered, and down I sunk—with every sense but one suspended.

Sp. Which remained, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Oh, hearing, hearing, hearing! Never shall I forget the horrid sound. Billingsgate itself, with London Bridge to its aid, never equalled the roar of a senatorial horse-laugh.

Sp. An ugly accident, indeed, Sir Harry—but I don't think it has travelled this road.

Sir H. Ah! my dread of censure, certainly does cruelly maim the effect of my talents and accomplishments—Oh that birth-day *faux pas* has deprived me of a complete night's rest, ever since.

Sp. How was that, Sir Harry?

Sir H. What! is that, too, a secret to you? Oh, I am in better luck than I thought—Well, however, you shall know all, that you may strive to make the best of matters, if you should happen to hear my unfortunate failures mentioned with a sneer.—It has always been my ambition to figure away at a court ball; for there is nothing for which I am more celebrated, than my dancing.

Sp. I know it, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Well—the eyes of the whole room were consequently upon me—You may conceive the flutter it must give one, to have the attention of royalty fixed on one's performances—I acquitted myself, however, admirably, for a little time; but as the devil would have it, I somehow grew nervous, and gave the wrong hand for an allemande—From that moment, the game was up—I committed blunder after blunder—at last, my head spun—my heels flew up—down I went—and upset, in my fall, one Dutchess, two Countesses and a stiff little Lord of the bed-chamber.

Sp. Melancholy indeed, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Horrible! It is the only time in my life, that I should have thought the loudest laugh a relief—but to my sorrow, I was in company, too highly bred for that—The awful silence that fol-

lowed my mishap, was like a pause in nature—just like the stillness before a tremendous earthquake—Oh that the earthquake had followed, that I and my disgrace might have been buried together.

Sp. It was distressing, Sir Harry; there is no denying it.

Sir H. Distressing! Why, for months after, I never durst look into a newspaper, and I always shut my eyes when I came near a print shop.

Sp. Come, Sir Harry—you take little accidents too much to heart.

Sir H. Too much to heart!—Why, I've often thought of retiring for comfort, into the back woods of America—There is nothing but torture in what is called civilized life. An ill-natured paragraph is worse than the arrow of an Indian, from behind a bush; and no tomahawk ever gave such a brain blow, as a caricature. Leave me, now, Spruce—I'll endeavour to compose myself and wait on the ladies (*Exit SPRUCE*) I believe I can depend on that fellow—if not, I am a most undone man. 'It is melancholy that a being with my endowments, should be liable to such cursed humiliating accidents.' Well, if I succeed with the fascinating Lady Julia, I shall then be an object of universal admiration, too elevated for ridicule to reach—No, no, no! Ridicule will bring down its game, let it soar ever so high—and now I think on it, I should not wonder if even the angelic creature, herself, should be made a jest of—Only fancy my idol, my divinity, the subject of newspaper sprites!—Oh, damn it! I'd be divorced.

(*HEARTWORTH without.*)

Drive slowly up the avenue—I'll walk to the castle.

Sir H. Whom have we here? I hate strangers. I'll avoid him.

HEARTWORTH *enters.*

Heart. Fair and softly, Sir—I see you are moving towards the castle—don't be in such a hurry and I'll bear you company.

Sir H. I don't know this old fellow—then what the devil can he see about me, to make him so cursed familiar? You are going to the castle, Sir?

Heart. Yes, Sir, I am. You are intimate there, perhaps?

Sir H. Yes, Sir.

Heart. On a visit, may be—

Sir H. Yes, Sir. What a cross-examining old quiz. [*Aside.*

Heart. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing.—

Sir H. At what, Sir? at what? I don't see, Sir, how I should excite your mirth.

Heart. Nor I, upon my soul, Sir. I don't know what I may find you on further acquaintance, but you don't strike me as belonging to a society of jokers.

Sir H. Sir, they are a set of men I abominate. 'The wretches who used to live by vending poisons, were not half such pests in society.' Like inquisitors, they roast their fellow-creatures for a merry making—they would sacrifice the feelings, the life, nay the reputation of their friends—and all for what, Sir? For the gratification of seeing a set of fools thrown into a damn'd ridiculous kind of convulsion.

Heart. Nay, nay, don't run down laughing, because like all good things, it is sometimes abused. Innocent mirth is the best of human recreations—Ay, and a fine medicine too,—it dislodges the bile better than Cheltenham Spa—A *good* joke comforts my heart; and I have such a regard for my health, that I never refuse to laugh even at a *bad* one. But I must explain to you, Sir, that my risibility, just

now, was excited by the remembrance of the stately tribe that have stalked thro' life, in that mansion.—I'll be bound that not a soul of *them*, from generation to generation, was ever detected in any thing beyond a simper—Well! Rest them—*merry*, I was going to say—but that is impossible—they must be grand and melancholy, even in Paradise.

Sir H. Curse the old banterer! Now am I ashamed to confess that I belong to a noble family, for fear of being quizzed for the stately gravity of my ancestors. [*Aside.*

Heart. Not a word! Dull and dignified—I begin to smoke one of the house of De Mallory. (*aside*) Do you know, Sir, I am inclined to suspect—

Sir H. What, Sir? What?

Heart. Why, Sir, that you—

Sir H. What of me, Sir?

Heart. I beg your pardon if I wrong you—The truth is, I shrewdly suspect you to be a shoot from the old Normandy crab, that William the Conqueror transplanted here.

Sir H. Old Normandy crab!—Sir, it is true that I *have* the honour of springing from the noble stock of De Mallory.

Heart. I'd have betted a thousand upon it by your verjuice countenance. Ha, ha, ha! It is devilish odd, that in so many centuries, there should not be a little sweet fruit grafted on the sour old trunk.

Sir H. Damn it! to have ridicule entailed on one, all the way from William the Conqueror, is rather too much.

Heart. Come, come—be patriotic—mend the breed—Look at me—I am a proof of what can be done in the way of improvement—You'll hardly believe that my mother was of your stock—but it is true. She, however, was so singular as to

prefer comfort to dignity; and consulting her heart, instead of the Herald's Office, got a loving husband in lieu of a noble alliance—enjoyed domestic happiness, while her relations wasted life in cheerless state—and tho' her name never passed their proud lips, without condemnation, it was uttered with rapture, by her children, and with blessings, by the poor.

Sir H. I presume, Sir, your mother was Lady Gertrude Heartworth.

Heart. Yes Sir; and tho' lopped from your family tree, as a rotten branch, she took root in a soil more genial to her nature, and flourished in the sunshine of social felicity, diffusing the fruit of benevolence to all around her.

Sir H. Sir, I am gratified to hear that her life passed so happily; and rejoice to meet in you, a relation that, I am sure will be welcomed as such, by the existing part of the family.

Heart. Give me your hand, Sir—it feels warmer than I ever thought to find the palm of one of my honourable cousins—that is, of the male side—for if I don't meet a loving squeeze,—ay, and a kiss, in the bargain, from my sweet Lady Julia Sandford, she must be much altered, and I shall be much disappointed.

Sir H. Lady Julia! Then your visit is to her?

Heart. Who else, do you think? It is not the stately Dowager would have brought me from Cumberland—nor am I come to welcome the young Peer to England; for I understand he has all the faults of his ancestors, with a precious cargo of his own to boot—I am here, Sir, solely on Lady Julia's account, whom I met by accident, last summer; and who is the only one of the family, with whom I have any acquaintance: But, come, Sir, let us adjourn to the castle; and it is not unlikely that circumstances may very soon produce an explanation of the motives for my visit. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

LADY JULIA and MISS ALFORD.

Miss Al. Nay, nay, you are only jesting.

Lady Jul. Well, well, you will soon be convinced.

Miss Al. But are you really resolved to refuse the hand of Lord De Mallory.

Lady Jul. Peremptorily.

Miss Al. How you surprize me!

Lady Jul. Lady De Mallory is by this time acquainted with my determination. Knowing the pride and violence of her disposition, I thought it most prudent to make the communication by letter.

Miss Al. This is really very perplexing. You know my dear Julia how very much I am interested in this event.

Lady Jul. True my dear cousin. You will have to supply the vacancy I shall make in the marriage articles; and Harriet Alford must now follow all the aforesaid, behind which stood Julia Sandford.

Miss Al. How distressing!

Lady Jul. Why, you don't seem to have any greater inclination to this noble Peer than I have.

Miss Al. (aside) She little thinks that the cause of my repugnance is an attachment to her brother.

Lady Jul. You have never suffered from his overbearing disposition, therefore cannot feel for him a dislike powerful as mine—but truly, Harriet, I must pity any woman destined to be his; and my love for you would make me pursue any measures to prevent your being his wife, short of becoming so myself. I see Lady De Mallory—she

is seeking me—now for a storm, which as you may not much affect, you will be wise to retire.

Miss Al. I will remain, if you think her anger will be moderated by the presence of a third person.

Lady Jul. No, my dear girl, nothing will soften her indignation; and you shan't suffer needless pain on my account.

Miss Al. (aside) Julia must not know my engagements to her brother, lest in her generous concern for us, she should involve herself in misery. No, I will encounter every difficulty sooner than owe *my* happiness to the sacrifice of her own.

[Exit MISS ALFORD.]

Lady DE MALLORY enters with two letters in her hand.

Lady de M. You have filled me with amazement, child. Is it possible you can be so lost to every sense of duty and propriety?

Lady Jul. I should be sorry your Ladyship could with justice, accuse me of being insensible to either.

Lady De M. Such folly too! What! reject my son—the Lord De Mallory! you ought to consider yourself too happy in the mandate of your grandfather, which took from him the power of making another election.

Lady Jul. Oh, how freely would I give him that power!

Lady De M. Ungrateful girl! Here in this letter from him, which I was reading with delight, when yours so unexpectedly poisoned my joy—here he acknowledges with gratitude, the pleasure your picture which I sent, has afforded him, and expresses the ardour with which he hastens to celebrate an union dear to him from inclination.

Lady Jul. Madam, I can only regret that the inclination is not reciprocal.

Lady De M. Come, come, dearest Julia, abandon this romantic opposition. I will confess that the manners of my son, when a boy, were somewhat repulsive: but why dwell thus on the errors of a child? Why should you conclude that reason and observation have not operated to remove his juvenile faults?

Lady Jul. Because, Madam—Believe me, I am shocked to be compelled to speak such harsh truths to a mother;—Because, Madam, his faults were radical. He was tyrannical, where he never met opposition—he despised those who endeavoured by gentleness to conciliate esteem; and had no pleasure but from the compliance which was exacted by command.

Lady De M. Very well, Madam, very well—I see your own imperious disposition is the real obstacle to your union with my son.

Lady Jul. You wrong me, Madam.—'Tis in nature for the gentlest being to resist oppression. I will not place myself in the power of a Tyrant; and therefore will never be the wife of Lord De Mallory.

HEARTWORTH enters.

Heart. That is right, my girl! You shall not be the wife of a monarch against your will.

Lady De M. And pray, Sir, who are you that volunteer thus, as the abettor of disobedience, in this house?

Heart. I am, madam, by inheritance, a kind of opposition member of this house.—I am not however one prone to argue against wholesome regulations and salutary authority.—But in a case like the present, where the freedom of election is in debate, here am I on my legs to defend privilege; and if the bill for compulsory measures be not withdrawn,

sine die, why then, Lady Julia we'll divide the house with them.

Lady De M. What right have you, Sir, to interfere in a family arrangement?

Heart. Every Englishman, Madam, has a right to interfere for the prevention of oppression—but in this instance, I am particularly concerned, as the representative of one who was the innocent cause of this damned tyrannical family compact.—Because my mother chose to marry a worthy man, who had no deficiency but in his quarterings, this poor young lady is to be made the victim of wounded pride; and to be united to a man she dislikes, by the special license, forsooth, of an old grand father, long mouldered to dust—Confound such absurdity!

Lady De M. Sir, at once to put an end to an altercation, which I cannot consider but as highly offensive on your part, and the continuance of which it would be derogatory to my condition to suffer, I here state to Lady Julia, the terms on which, alone, she can experience the protection of this roof.—If she remain, it must be to ratify the will of her family, by becoming the wife of Lord De Mallory—Does she consent?

Lady Jul. No, Madam.

Lady De M. She is then bereft of fortune, and these gates for ever shut against her.

[*Exit Lady De Mallory.*]

Heart. Curse me, if one would not think, to hear that old dignified Dowager, that all the world was enclosed in the walls of this castle. Come, Lady Julia, let us be gone. As for a fortune, my girl, that I can give you, and if you grieve much at losing sight of these joyless towers, it can only be from a fondness for some pet owl you leave behind you.

Sir HARRY ASPEN enters.

Sir H. Lady Julia, can what I hear, be true—

that, to avoid marrying Lord De Mallory, you quit the Castle ?

Heart. Yes ; and if you are wise, you'll quit the Castle, too ; for I would not have you trust too much to the protection of her ladyship's roof, which she makes such a rout about, for fear some stormy night it should be blown about your ears.

Lady Jul. You see I am a strange girl—many a young lady runs away to be married, but very few to avoid it.

Sir H. Her leaving the Castle, must be all on my account that is very clear. (*aside*) Pray, Lady Julia, may I be permitted to ask whither you are going ?

Heart. Whither she is going ? With me, to be sure.

Lady Jul. At least tell my Brother return to England, I shall place myself under the hospitable protection of this benevolent friend and relation.

Sir H. I hope I may be permitted to pay my respects to you.

Heart. To be sure—Mine is Free and Easy Lodge—none of your Castle ceremonies at my house—You may go with us, if you like.

Sir H. May I ? How happy you make me ! But plague take it, what will Lady De Mallory say ? Oh ! I shall be scouted by the family, if I go with them. (*aside*) No, no—If you please I will follow you—I have some arrangements here, unfinished.

Heart. Well, make haste—remember the old roof—I thought I saw a plaguy warp in one of the towers. Farewell.

Sir H. Adieu (*bowing*) Her partiality for me is past all doubt. (*aside and Exit.*)

RANDALL enters.

Ran. Dear Lady Julia ! and will you leave us ?

Lady Jul. I must, my good friend ; or be miserable.

Ran. I wish I had not lived to see this day. Ah ! I shall never smile again.

Lady Jul. Nay, good Randall, don't say so.

Ran. Ah, dear Lady ! you have made sad hearts, and weeping eyes, throughout the Castle —but nobody has such cause for sorrow as myself. To be sure, you were good to every body ; but you always treated me as tenderly as you could have done your own father ; and for my part, I always loved you as well as ever I did a child of my own—But if you will be happier, we should not repine."

Heart. Come, child ; or this good old man will set me whimpering.

Lady Jul. Good bye, my dear old friend—We shall see one another, again.

Ran. Ah, my dear Lady ! at seventy-five, a parting with those we love, is a serious thing. Well ! be as happy as you are good, and I shall go to the grave contented.

Lady Jul. Farewell !

Ran. Heaven—Heaven for ever bless you !

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I,

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of the Castle.**Lord De Mallory and Major Clayton.**Lord De Mallory.*

WELL, my friend, here am I, once again in the house of my ancestors—feelingly alive to all the happiness my native land affords; taught by experience, the proud preference so justly due to it.

Cl. We have reason to bless the hand of Nature for making islands. That salt ocean is a glorious preservative against corruption. We never need dread taint or decay, while the briny waves surround us.

Lord De M. True, our insular situation is the protection of all that is dear to us. The ocean preserves us from the too easy influx of the specious underminers of morality, as well as the open foes of freedom.

Cl. Ah, my lord, as a peer of this country, how much more are you to be envied, than the greatest potentates of other lands! For you have rank and fortune to elevate and reward genius and virtue—your power to deal happiness to others is boundless, and your own happiness is secured by the laws, which restrain you from doing evil to any man.

Lord De M. Rightly said: for to him who knows how to appreciate a tranquil bosom, the prevention from doing evil must be esteemed the most valuable associate of power.

Lady De Mallory enters.

Lady De M. My son!

Lord De M. My dear mother! (*embraces her*)—Allow me to present to you this most valued friend, my companion, and best of monitors. To Major Clayton you owe the felicity of finding your son return to you so changed, as, I hope, never again to give you cause to blush for his conduct.

Lady De M. I shall be happy to receive with the attentions due to his merit, a gentleman to whom my son expresses such obligations.

Cl. I am honoured, Madam, far above my desert.

Lord De M. But, mother, will not Julia, my destined bride, deign to welcome me? I hardly wonder at her coldness, for I don't know what perverse devil tempted me, but I always, though I loved her, used to be a sad torment to her.

Lady De M. My Lord De Mallory must banish her from his thoughts.

Lord De M. Mother, you amaze me—Banish! I am at a loss to comprehend.

Lady De M. She has rendered herself unworthy your consideration.

Lord De M. What, Julia? How, for Heaven's sake?

Lady De M. She has quitted the castle, peremptorily disclaiming an alliance with your Lordship. Her avowed motives, forsooth, the remembrance of your acts of boyish tyranny.

Lord De M. She had reason to hate me, but she has been too precipitate.

Lady De M. All pretence, my Lord, such motives. Circumstances have thrown a new light upon her conduct.

Lord De M. Pray, explain.

Lady De M. Your relation, Sir Harry Aspen,

who came here avowedly to wait for your arrival, quitted the castle quickly after her departure.

Lord De M. That may have been occasioned by
o her causes.

Lady De M. The indiscreet tattle of his valet, has left no doubt on the subject—he not only communicated his master's route, which was to follow Lady Julia, but also discovered that he has been long attached to her.

Lord De M. Astonishing! /

Lady De M. It was a fine deep laid plan. A Mr. Heartworth, an outcast of your family, came blustering here, to save her from oppression, as he termed it. He was evidently an accomplice, and took her away to avoid an open elopement with Sir Harry.

Lord De M. This is an event I was not indeed prepared to meet.

Lady De M. A very little reflection, my son, will make you bear it as you ought. You will soon rejoice at the prevention of an alliance so unworthy of you, and hasten to fulfil the compact of your grandfather, by a marriage with Miss Alford.—
(*Lord De MALLORY appearing surprised and going to speak*) I will leave you now, my Lord.—After an event so unexpected, I know some little time is requisite to regulate the feelings; but yours will, I am certain, all concentrate in self-respect, and regard for the honour of your house. [Exit.]

Lord De M. An easy process it appears to her ladyship, to transfer a heart, like a clod of earth, to the next in succession. Julia's conduct wounds and irritates me—I wish her to feel that I am not a being she ought to have scorned.

Cl. Your Lordship's worth will soon make that clear to her—A nobleman's good deeds are seldom lost to the world for want of reporters.

Lord De M. Deeply wounded, both in my affec-

tions and my pride, I am anxious to seek a justifiable revenge.

Cl. That, my Lord, is impossible to be obtained.

Lord De M. Why?

Cl. Because revenge is never justifiable.

Lord De M. Surely it is justifiable to endeavour to humble her pride, by letting her see the true character of the man she has rejected.

Cl. Oh! my Lord, never be rash enough to wage war with a petticoat. "*There's magic in the web on't.*" That garment will enlist more volunteers in its defence, than all the banners in the universe—it has more worshippers than all the relics of all the saints put together—it will animate and overthrow armies. Never hope to triumph over it—it is certain of conquest; for even if it surrender, it is only to enslave you the surer.

Lord De M. Say what you will, I am determined to pursue this runaway.

Cl. Begging your Lordship's pardon, it is a silly kind of chace, at best; and may turn out something worse. You hear she is attached to another. If her affections are so capricious as to veer round to you, I don't think you can much prize such a weathercock—then, what is your object?

Lord De M. To strive to convince her that at the same time she has forfeited her fortune by her choice, she has not been a gainer in the merits of her lover. If I can feelingly convince her of this, I shall with less regret devote myself to the other union prescribed me.

Cl. I cannot see, my Lord, how your feelings are to be tranquillized by wounding those of another.

Lord De M. Hear me, Clayton. Though by your advice and example, I trust I have triumphed over the rough points of my character, yet I confess I do not wish to attain that degree of apathy which shall make me insensible of an injury.

Cl. I have done, my Lord.—An argument strong-

ly enforced in opposition to your Lordship's immediate feelings, raises a bulwark against conviction. Don't act precipitately, and I have no doubt of your acting rightly.

Lord De M. To prove I always wish to be regulated by your counsels, let me entreat you to accompany me.

Cl. That, my Lord, is at present impossible. I have an object that demands my immediate attention in another quarter—and let me hope that our pursuits may not prove of an opposite nature—That while my business is to dry the tears of a lovely woman, your Lordship may not give a lovely woman cause to weep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—HEARTWORTH'S *House on the Lake of Windermere.*

LADY JULIA and HEARTWORTH.

Heart. Well, dear Lady Julia, here you are, fixed on the banks of Windermere—and if you can make yourself tolerably happy in this simple abode, you will brighten my latter days.

Lady Jul. Why, my dear Sir, this charming retreat is the very seat of happiness. Nature here wears her most romantic garb.

Heart. Inanimate Nature is to be sure in tolerable trim; but I fear the sons and daughters of the soil can afford you but little pleasure.

Lady Jul. Oh! infinite—I am charmed with the variety I meet—each being has a character of his own, and talks and acts for himself—so different from the set to which I have been used, that aimed at being all alike, never thinking for a moment, whether what they did was right or wrong, pleasant or disagreeable, but only, was it the *haut ton* Fashion, all-powerful fashion, can make in

firmities, graces, dullness, high-breeding, and the sallies of a brilliant imagination be voted quite gothic.

Heart. Plague take the rage of imitation! which will make human beings, and very often, too, those of no mean intellect, place their whole pride in sinking into automats.

A Servant enters.

Ser. Sir, Mrs. Lecch wishes to see you.

Heart. Hey! what! 'Oh, the deuce—Well, well, tell her I'll wait on her presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Lady Jul. I will ramble by the Lake, and leave you to your visitor.

Heart. Stay, stay, Lady Julia—You must know the—the—hang it! I don't know how to tell it you.

Lady Jul. What, my dear sir?

Heart. We all have our plagues—

Lady Jul. I am afraid that is very true.

Heart. I have a neighbour here—a lady—

Lady Jul. Well?

Heart. That—that—damn it! it is too ridiculous—

Lady Jul. What? What? You have raised my curiosity.

Heart. Who has most peremptorily made up her mind—

Lady Jul. To what?

Heart. Upon my soul, you'll laugh at me—

Lady Jul. No, no—

Heart. Why then—nay it is too absurd—

Lady Jul. You put me out of all patience.—What has she made up her mind to?

Heart. To—to—to marry me.

Lady Jul. She is a very wise woman—I applaud her determination.

Heart. Pshaw, pshaw! no joking—mine is a

devilish hard case—if I had given her encouragement—

Lady Jul. And are you very sure, now, you did not? I begin to be greatly afraid that you are a gay deceiver.

Heart. Psha, psha, psha! I just mentioned this foolish circumstance; or you might think her behaviour rather odd.

Lady Jul. Ah, poor thing! she is clearly a deluded woman.

Heart. But not by me, I'll swear.—What chiefly gave rise to this absurdity, was an unmeaning civility on my part.

Lady Jul. Oh! now the murder is coming out.

Heart. What the deuce! is the mere language of compliment to be taken literally?

Lady Jul. Ah! there is the excuse of all you seducers.—You make fine speeches and tender professions—

Heart. Do I look like a maker of tender professions?

Lady Jul. Oh, yes, very—and then if a poor woman is weak enough to credit you, you exclaim, "Oh, the silly creature! I meant nothing but *badinage*.—What I said was a mere *façon de parler*."

Heart. Why, plague take it! you may as well say, that when I subscribe myself a man's humble servant, it follows that he should send me his coat to brush or his shoes to clean.—Does it give him a claim to my personal services.

Lady Jul. No—but when you profess yourself a lady's humble servant, it certainly gives her a claim to your personal services.

Heart. But, you Mad-Cap, hear my story.—I went to console this silly old woman, five years ago, on the death of her second husband; and by way of comforting her, I just happened, unfortunately, to say that it would be her own fault if she remained a widow; for she might choose a husband when—

ever she pleased. The old fool took this unmeaning piece of civility for a declaration; and has thought fit to consider herself, Heaven help me! my wife elect, ever since.

Lady Jul. Oh, you stony-hearted man, to hold out against such persevering constancy!

Heart. Curse her constancy! If she would come plump to the point, I would set her right at once; but she never makes her attack direct enough for that---for these five years, has she been hinting and nodding and winking me into matrimony---and for aught I see, I may be doomed to a life of perpetual inuendo, till one of us drop to the grave.

Lady Jul. No, no---Depend upon it, she'll overcome her diffidence, and speak out at last---But how ungallant you are! Why don't you fly to her? Consider she is all impatience for a sight of her *deary*.

Heart. But come, come---go with me.

Lady Jul. Do you think I would spoil an agreeable tête à tête? The sight of me might damp all her joy; and I would not hurt her peace of mind, for the world. Now, be compassionate---Consider, true love is a jewel---Now, do force a little tenderness into your face, and strain your eyes into an agreeable ogle---Ha! ha! ha! Oh! you gay deceiver!

[*Exit Lady Julia.*]

Heart. Get along, Rattle Pate! Oh, I will bring this business to issue---I won't be tormented, and made ridiculous to boot, to humour any old woman in the universe---Plague take her, here she comes.

Mrs. LEECH enters.

Mrs. L. And am I so happy as to see you at home again, dear Mr Heartworth!

Heart. Why, as to that---you see I am at home again, Mrs. Leech.

Mrs. L. How delighted I am to find it! Short

as your absence has really been, I don't think I could outlive such another separation.

Heart. Oh, damn it, this is too much! I must speak out (*aside*) not outlive a separation! Come, come, Mrs. Leech, that is very well of you—very well, indeed.

Mrs. L. The truth will burst forth.

Heart. Upon my soul, it is high time it should so, I shall speak plainly, and to the point.

Mrs. L. (*Much pleased*) I knew I should draw out a full declaration at last. (*aside*.)

Heart. I confess it is a delicate subject to talk about.

Mrs. L. A delicate subject! Yes, yes, all is now coming right. (*aside*)

Heart. I have, I confess, been foolishly shy, in not telling you my mind fully, before.

Mrs. L. Oh, Mr. Heartworth!—Yes, now I may bespeak my wedding suit. (*aside*.)

Dr. SUITALL enters.

Doc. Oh! my dear Mr. Heartworth! I am all ecstasy to see you—Mrs. Leech, your most devoted—

Heart. Dr. Suitall, your servant.

Doc. You gentlemen of a certain age, are the only gallants of the day. Ah! Mrs. Leech, this is a man indeed for the ladies.

Heart. Hey-day Doctor! What is the matter now?

Doc. Such a charming thought! But mind, I must conduct the whole of the business.

Heart. What business?

Doc. Ah! you thought to be snug—but I've found out your devices. Haven't you heard of it, Ma'am?

Mrs. L. Of what Sir?

Doc. Of a certain fête on the lake, which that gentleman is to give, in compliment to a lady.

Mrs. L. How delightful! With what gaiety he means to celebrate our union! (*aside.*) This is gallant, indeed, Mr. Heartworth.

Doc. Don't you think, Ma'am the lady must feel highly gratified?

Mrs. L. That I am sure she does, Sir. Well, good morning, Mr. Heartworth—I must go and make preparations suitable to the approaching happy event. Good day, Doctor—Oh, I am quite fluttered with delight—Adieu. [*Looks tenderly at Heartworth and exit.*]

Heart. She will go and make preparations, will she? She might have waited first, for an invitation. You should not make such a fuss about this foolish water party.—I mean it as a little compliment to my cousin, Lady Julia, on her arrival here; but I don't want the people to imagine they are to see a Lord Mayor's Show.

Doc. Lord Mayor's Show! Why it shall beat the wedding of the Doge, if you'll let me manage it.

Heart. Stick to your physic, Doctor; leave the water to me.

Doc. My physic won't be the worse for mixing water with it—Ha! ha!

Heart. I never met such a fellow—water, fire, earth, air—you are never out of your element.

Sir HARRY ASPEN enters.

Ah, Sir Harry! Welcome, welcome—I see you are a man of your word.

Sir H. I lost no time in accepting your obliging invitation. How is the lovely Lady Julia?

Heart. Ah! there is the attraction—I shall find a vast addition to the list of my visitors. When I,

a poor lonely humdrum old batchelor, used to send a card of invitation to only a few miles distance, I generally received for answer, that the badness of the roads, or the want of moonlight to return home by, prevented the *extreme pleasure* of waiting on me--Now, what a change there will be! The sight of my pretty cousin, will render the roads passable in all weather, without troubling the commissioners; and her bright eyes will make the moon shine every night in the month.

Doc. This will be of great service to my shop—and give me leave to tell you, Sir Harry, that you need be under no anxiety about your health, while you remain in this neighbourhood. I am Doctor Suitall, dubbed, regularly dubbed—none of your Doctors by courtesy, though I do keep a shop—a shop you know is all the fashion. Besides, Sir Harry, you will find me at home, *out of my shop*—~~*No. 1010 ultra crepidam*~~, is not my motto. I know a thing or two, besides prescribing a bolus, and rolling it up.

Heart. Sir Harry won't be long without hearing, at least, of your universality.

Doc. I am proud to be known to Sir Harry—Perhaps, thro' his high and extensive connections, I may entertain the hope of being removed from this limited circle, to a larger sphere of action.

Sir H. I am afraid, Sir, I have very little interest in forwarding a gentleman of your profession.

Doc. Don't let my medical profession, be a bar, Sir—I am a candidate for all sorts of employment. If you conceive, Sir Harry, that any such snug little appointment as Solicitor-General, nay a Puisne Judge, or even a Master in Chancery, should ever come within the pale of your recommendation, you'll find in your humble servant, a qualified person.

Sir H. What, Sir, to fill a great *law* situation?

Doc. Most capably, Sir. I have legally fed both body and mind—ate my Commons at Gray's Inn, and have Coke upon Littleton, as completely by heart, as Cullen's *Materia Medica*.

Sir H. A most surprising man, indeed!

Heart. Psha! that is nothing.

Doc. True, true, Sir—nothing, indeed—*Tam Marti, quam Mercurio*—I trust you'll find me equally eligible to avail myself of your patronage, if your interest should happen to lie at the Admiralty or War Office.

Sir H. What the Devil!

Doc. Yes, Sir Harry. Tactics, naval and military, have been favourite studies of mine; and that I might not lose an advantage for want of practical initiation, I have the honour of being a Brevet Lieutenant in the land service, and have served as Midshipman, on board the Atall Brig.

Sir H. This fellow must certainly be bantering me. (*aside.*)

Heart. Here's Lady Julia; so, for the present, Doctor, I beseech you to remain contented with this *very limited* recital of your qualifications.

Lady JULIA enters.

Lady Jul. (to Heartworth.) I am come, Sir, to claim your interference against an act of oppression.

Heart. Oppression! Eh! What oppression?

Lady Jul. You have promised a lease of Richland farm to—

Heart. Ay—to my neighbour Dawkins. The former tenant is dead, and has not left any family; so there is no oppression in that, surely.

Lady Jul. Not on your part, Sir—but this man threatens to turn out of the cottage in which she

was born, a poor woman who is old and helpless.

Heart. Eh! How did you learn this?

Lady Jul. From a lovely girl, her niece; who has left Wales, her native country, to assist this poor infirm relation.

Heart. What can be the rascal's motive for such an act of barbarity?

Lady Jul. To frighten this sweet girl into a marriage with him.

Heart. Oh, the dog! So while I was gone to wage war at another man's castle, against a forced marriage, here was one of my tenants acting the same piece of oppression upon my own estate. Where is the fellow?

Lady Jul. I've sent for him, Sir. In the meantime, let me present to you my little Welch protégée.

Lady JULIA goes off, and leads on ELLEN.

Heart. A lovely girl, indeed! Her pretty face, though it can excite a villain to an act of violence, will be sure to raise a host of champions to defend her.—So you were born in Wales my love?

Ell. Yes, Sir.

Heart. What is your name?

Ell. Ellen.

Heart. Have you a father and mother?

Ell. Oh! no, Sir—they are both dead.

Heart. Poor girl! What was your father?

Ell. A soldier—who died in battle.

Heart. What! have I lived to see the orphan of a soldier who died for his country, a victim of oppression? Grant me patience!

Ell. My poor mother died but very lately—I

was too young to live alone; so I came into these parts to seek my mother's sister—and I was glad I came, for her sake; for she was old, and very poor; and the little money I had, helped her much—and besides, I could work for her, and nurse her.

Heart. I'll have no mercy on the villain—he shall get off my lands; for I should expect an earthquake to swallow them, if I encouraged such monsters for my tenants.

Sir H. What a delightful part you have chosen, Lady Julia, to be the advocate of the oppressed!

Lady Jul. The oppressed need no advocate with a man like Mr. Heartworth.

Heart. Well, Lady Julia, we must contrive to provide comfortably for Goody Barton, and her pretty niece here; and if we can find my little Mountaineer a husband worthy of her, and whom she can like, Richland Farm shall be his.

Doc. A worthy husband, and whom she can like! if I know any thing, it is the Art of Love—Richland Farm will be mine.

Heart. Come, Sir Harry, we will shew you a little aquatic fête, in compliment to our fair cousin.

Lady Jul. And we shall partake of amusement, now, with an increased zest, since it follows an act of justice and humanity. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Lake of Windermere.—Pleasure Boats on it, decorated.—On Shore, Tents ornamented with Garlands, &c.*

Lord De MALLORY enters.

I have arrived most opportunely.—This gala may prove the means of introducing me to Julia—Boy as I was when I left England, 'tis scarcely possible she should know me now. How full of emotion is my heart at the prospect of seeing her!

Doctor SUITALL enters with a Wand as Master of the Ceremonies.

Doc. Make room, make room, for the Master of the Ceremonies—Master of the Ceremonies by land—High Admiral on the waves—You smile, Sir, (*to Lord De Mallory*) You think waves, not completely correct, the lake being as smooth as glass—but poets, Sir, poets will speak in figure—You are a stranger, Sir, and know me not—but that I claim the title of bard, you will have the happiness of being assured, by my entreating your acceptance of two octavo volumes of miscellaneous poetry—you having the goodness to return, per bearer, thirteen shillings and sixpence—the price to original subscribers.

Lord De M. I shall have great pleasure in perusing the works of a gentleman of whom, at first sight, I cannot but entertain a high opinion. This blockhead may be of service. (*aside*)

Doc. Clearly a man of discernment—he can certainly appreciate me—probably, promote me. Your name and connections, Sir, if you please.

Lord De M. Rather a home question, and what I am not exactly prepared to answer. (*aside*)

Doc. He hesitates—Doubtless, a great man in disguise, who has heard of my talents, and come to draw me from obscurity. (*aside*)

Lord De M. I must answer him, or my silence will excite suspicion—I'll e'en use the name of my friend (*aside*) Sir, Clayton is my name, and my connections—

Doc. Whatever they are, Sir, they can't be amiss for me—Shew me how I can serve you, and depend on my using the same freedom, in return.

Lord De M. I am a stranger, and anxious to participate in the present festivity—Oblige me by making me one of the party.

Doc. It shall be done.—Stand away, there—make room, good people, for the Lord of the Manor.

[*Heartworth enters with Lady Julia.*]

Allow me to present to you, my particular friend—What did you say your name is?

Lord De M. Clayton—Major Clayton.

Doc. My tried and valued friend—Major Clayton.

Heart. I am glad to see you, Sir—I am a man of no ceremony—Come with us, and I hope you will pass a pleasant day.

[*handing Lady Julia to a boat.*]

Doc. The honour of handing the Lady is my province.

Lady Jul. But where is my pretty Ellen.

Doc. In yonder tent—when I have placed your Ladyship in the boat; I'll conduct her to you.

Mrs. LEECH enters.

Mrs. L. I am all of a flutter, I declare—I was afraid of being too late.

Heart. Indeed!

Mrs. L. I waited in anxious expectation of your calling to conduct me.

Heart. You did?

Mrs. L. It was not like your usual gallantry, (*tapping him on the cheek, fondly*) to let the lady in honour of whom you designed the gala, find her way to it, alone.

Heart. Hey?

Mrs. L. Why were you so remiss?

Heart. I was not.

Mrs. L. Oh! then you meant to come for me.

Heart. No, I did not.

Mrs. L. Well, well, no matter. I am too happy to enter into argument. How delightful are your preparations! I declare I shan't be surprised if your charming entertainment in compliment to me, should gain me the title of the Lady of the Lake.

Heart. In compliment to you! (*half smothering a laugh*) The Lady of the Lake! Here, Lady Julia, do come and look at the Lady of the Lake!

Mrs. L. Lady Julia! Eh! what can all this mean?

Lady Jul. (to Heartworth) For goodness sake, dear Sir, don't expose the poor woman before all this company—Let her deceive herself a little longer—Do let her be the Lady of the Lake. Come, give the poor soul your hand.

Heart. I give her my hand!

Lady Jul. Yes—to oblige me.

Heart. Oh, you coaxing jade! I can't deny you any thing—Come, Mrs. Leech.

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Mrs. L. I really am at a loss to comprehend——

Heart. Don't expose yourself, you old—I beg pardon.—Mind, Lady Julia, this is all to oblige you; for if I had my wish, the Lady of the Lake, would be up to her neck in it'—Come along with with you—— [*he looks with dislike at her, and turns round to wink at Lady Julia.*]

Doc. Lady Julia, your hand—Strike up, Music.

[*They enter the Boats as the Curtain drops.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in HEARTWORTH'S House.*HEARTWORTH *enters.*

SO—this comes of pleasure-hunting! I must be drowning people, by way of amusement—Here, John! Thomas! No, not a soul in the house—all, on the water, or in it—Well, Doctor—good news I hope—

Doctor SUITALL *enters.*

Doct. The very best—resuscitation has taken place—Major Clayton breathes again.

Heart. Then I shall begin to do the same—Ugh! my breath was gone, with terror. But for that dear girl, Lady Julia, your friend would never have seen daylight, more.

Doct. She certainly was instrumental in his preservation.

Heart. Yes; for if she had not offered rewards for saving him, there would he have lain, till some drag-net caught hold of him—and as such an event might not happen for a week, or a fortnight, I fancy by that time, Doctor, even your galvanism would not revive him—but I thought you could do every thing—how comes it that swimming is out of the catalogue of your accomplishments?

Doct. Bless my soul! Don't imagine me deficient in any thing so essential—I swim like a salmon, float like a cork, and dive like a duck.

Heart. And yet the pretty Ellen, of whom you pretend to be enamoured, slipt into the lake without your wetting a finger to save her—you left that service to your gallant friend; and when he plunged in, and, having lifted her to a boat in safety, sunk himself, exhausted, you *still* kept yourself as dry as a mouser; and seemed as much afraid of water as if you had got the hydrophobia.

Doct. Ah! ah! you are bantering—and you do it pretty well—bantering, is, probably, one of the things in which I most excel—but in fact, the omission you urge against me, arose from the variety of my excellence, for so many different ways of gliding through the waves rushed into my mind at once, that standing divided which to adopt—

Heart. Your mistress and friend would have been drowned, before you could decide.

Doct. 'Tis a melancholy truth, that unthinking precipitation will sometimes bear away the palm from discriminating investigation.

Heart. Yes—and while your discriminating investigation was weighing the relative advantages of oxygen gas or tobacco smoke, for restoring suspended animation, your friend would have been as much beyond the power of revival, as an Egyptian Mummy.

Doct. An Egyptian Mummy! well thought of—do you know, I understand the principles of embalming, as well as the first professor of the art, in the establishment of king Ptolemy.

Heart. And I suppose you let your friends die, on purpose to keep your hand in.

Lady JULIA Enters.

Ah! my dear Girl, how is your Patient! Yours I may say; for to you he owes his life.

Lady Jul. Repose, I believe, is all that is now necessary for his recovery.—Poor Ellen is so overcome by the fright she experienced, as to have strong symptoms of fever—Your aid, will, I fear, Doctor, be requisite.

Doct. A fever! (*aside*) I fly to her assistance.

Heart. Remember, now, what you are about—you are to preserve her *alive*, not *dead*—you may want to embalm *her*.

Doct. No—I wish her to embalm *me*—in her heart [*exit*].

Lady Jul. Don't you think, Sir, that this is a most interesting man?

Heart. What that damned Doctor, who professes every thing, and is fit for nothing?

Lady Jul. No, no—dear Sir—

Heart. Why, who do you mean?

Lady Jul. Whom should I mean? The stranger, surely.

Heart. The stranger! He interesting? Oh to be sure every body is interesting who is dragged out of a pond, or dug out of the snow—nay, I remember a fellow who was accounted as dull as a Dormouse, till he was cut down from a beam, to which the blockhead had tied himself; and ever after, he was considered a being of sensibility, and voted a most interesting creature.

Lady Jul. But surely you will allow that Major Clayton—

Heart. Is a noble fellow. Who will not allow it?—

If a man venture his own life in the endeavour to save that of a dear friend, we admire his generosity—but, to him who will risk existence to preserve one whose only claim is that of being a fellow-creature, all mankind is debtor; and he that refuses to *acknowledge* the obligation, tacitly avows himself *unworthy* to rank as a human being.

Doct. Success, you see, Madam, complete. I am pretty accurate, you find, Sir—

Heart. Yes, yes—but your friend Major Clayton.

Doct. Ay, Madam—now you shall hear of my friend, Major Clayton—

Heart. You remember when his Colonel was disabled, and surrounded by the enemy, how the Major—

Doct. Yes—there was a display for the Major's gallantry?—When his Colonel was surrounded by the enemy—

Heart. He cut through the whole mass of them—

Doct. Thro' the whole mass.

Heart. And bore him off in safety.

Doct. Off in safety—Victoria! Victoria!

Heart. Give me your hand—I laud your enthusiasm. May the British arms, in every contest, meet with the same glorious issue!

Doct. Off in safety, Madam—Victoria! Victoria! [Exeunt *Doct. Suitall* and *Heartworth*.]

Lady Jul. I remember I used to shrink from the recital of such events; and now I could listen for ever. Ah! 'tis the hero of the story, excites this interest—Oh dear, how oddly I feel! Why should not I be cheerful? He is restored to life—he is out of all danger—he—he! why, heaven defend me! I can say nothing but *he*—Who's this?—as sure as fate, 'tis *he*—Oh, what a flutter I am in!

Lord DE MALLORY enters.

Lord de M. I was full of anxiety, Madam, to meet you.

Lady Jul. You should not have left your chamber so soon—you require repose.

Lord de M. Was it possible to find repose, with

such a debt of gratitude unpaid, as that I owe to you? To you I am indebted for my life—accept such thanks—

Lady Jul. Oh! cease—I can't bear to receive thanks from one whose generous zeal in the cause of humanity, demands the thanks and admiration of all.—Pray, spare me.

Lord de M. I am inclined to obey you; but only because I feel inadequate to thank you as I ought—When the heart beats with the strongest feelings, the tongue is often least able to execute the office of expressing them. Only let me say the life you have saved, should with ardour be sacrificed, to promote your happiness.

Lady Jul. (aside) Sacrificed! Oh! no—it must be carefully preserved, to promote my happiness.

Lord de M. And may I, Lady Julia, at least, be allowed to think that while your tenderer, warmer, sentiments are devoted to another.—

Lady Jul. Another! I don't know where that other gentleman lives, I am sure. *(aside)*

Lord de M. You will deign, sometimes, to remember him who will for ever cherish you, as the dearest object of his gratitude—the only object of his—love.

Lady Jul. Sir! Did I hear rightly? Did you say—I must mind what I am doing—I am so delighted—but I must be prudent—I shall seem forward, I fear—Love! Yes, he did say, Love—I—I—I am so agitated *(aside)* Oh, help! A chair! *(Lord de M. offers to take her in his arms)* No, no,—not your arms—a chair, a chair! *(While Lord de Mallory runs for a chair, Sir Harry Aspen enters, and catches Lady Julia, who is fainting, in his arms.)*

Lord de M. Not in my arms!—No, no,—Those are the arms—If I remain, I shall not control my indignation. Oh Julia!—Distraction!

(Exit Lord de Mallory)

Sir H. Delicate creature!—Not his arms—

No, no—She would not faint in any arms but mine.—Ah! She evidently saw me approaching.

Lady Jul. (recovering, but not seeing Sir Harry) You are very kind—I can't think what affected me so—You see I needed your support, though I rejected it—

Sir H. From another. Oh! Lady Julia, I am flattered beyond—

Lady Jul. Sir! (looking at him with surprise, and then looking round)

Sir H. I must not be too abrupt, I find; 'otherwise she'll think it necessary to give herself airs; and that would throw me into a 'ridiculous situation.' (aside)

Lady Jul. I hope, Sir Harry, you will not misconceive.

Sir H. I, Madam! Impossible.—No, no—there is no danger of that—it is all too plain to be misconceived (aside)

Lady Jul. I fear a return of my indisposition—I must retire for air.

Sir H. Poor dear! A strong case, indeed.—Do me the honour to accept my assistance. (offering his arm)

Lady Jul. I don't need it, Sir Harry.

Sir H. I hope, Lady Julia, you will soon recover this—

Lady Jul. Oh, yes—no doubt—good day, Sir Harry.

Sir H. My most fervent wishes for your health.

Lady Jul. (impatiently) Good day, Sir Harry. [Exit Lady Julia.]

Sir H. Poor thing—agitated beyond description—Before she leaves the pleasure grounds—I will summon resolution, and declare my passion—My success here will make ample amends for all my failures—Bravo, Sir Harry! You have done wonders indeed. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A part of Mr. Heartworth's Pleasure Grounds.**Mrs. LEECH enters with Doctor SUITALL.*

Mrs. L. I know, Doctor, I can speak to you as a friend—do you really think that Mr. Heartworth retains his tender partiality for me?

Doct. Just as much as ever.—Strict truth, that—for he always voted her as nauseous as Ipecacuanha. (*aside*)

Mrs. L. I really began to fear that this fine lady of fashion, his relation, forsooth! had alienated his affections.

Doct. Not dislocated a joint of them.—Oh! Mrs Leech, you are forgetful of your own charms.—Must dose my patients with flattery, or they wont let me dose them with any thing else. (*aside.*)

Mrs. L. Mr Heartworth is certainly very much altered, since his visit to De Mallory Castle.

Doct. Altered! What—looks older, you think?

Mrs. L. Older? No—what I mean, is, that he is a great deal prouder—but he should consider that other people have high connections, as well as himself.

Doct. Bless my soul—here's a discovery! high connections! (*aside*) My dear Mrs. Leech, what can I do to serve you? Command my heart, soul, tongue, pen, sword, and shop—did not you just hint something about high connections?

Mrs. L. Yes, to be sure—I have a brother a General Officer.

Doct. Very good—stop, stop—Brigade Major, will do vastly well for me. (*aside.*) Go on, if you please.

Mrs. L. And a first cousin an Ambassador.

Doct. You need say no more—you have hit it—if I have a talent, it is diplomatic—Se-

cretary to an Embassy—Chargé d’Affaires—huzza! I am a made man, at last—now only tell me how I can serve you—I’ll insist on Mr. Heartworth’s marrying you—Chargé d’Affaires! Oh! that will screw me up to any thing—I’ll marry you myself, if you like.

Mrs. L. What did you say, Doctor?

Doct. I said—that is—I was thinking that—we’ll at all events try Mr. Heartworth first—marry her myself! No, no—that bolus need not be swallowed till all else fail—I’ll reserve that desperate sally for a forlorn hope. (*aside.*) My dear Mrs. Leech, I fly to serve you—you could not put your case into the hands of a better special pleader—I’ll board him so stoutly, that if he don’t strike to you, may I never be honoured with a smile from a Prime Minister!

[*Exit Dr. SUITALL.*]

Mrs. L. One would imagine, indeed, that a man at Mr. Heartworth’s time of life, might think himself too happy to be honoured with the hand of a woman like me—but now a days, the old are as much given to roving, as the young—Well, Mr. Heartworth, if you should be blind to your own good, you shall find; at least, that I am not reduced to the last extremity—somebody is approaching—doubtless, Mr. Heartworth—this is his favourite walk—I’ll step into this arbour—there is something sentimental in an arbour—there he shall find me reclining in an elegant, captivating attitude; and if he should chance not to espy me, a few tender sighs shall indicate my retreat.

[*Sir HARRY ASPEN enters, as Mrs. LEECH is going into the arbour, and just sees the train of her gown.*]

Sir. H. Yes, there is Lady Julia—she seats her-

self at my approach—that, very plainly says.—
Sir Harry, I am not disposed to avoid you—*courage Chevalier!* Now is your time to speak—

Mrs. L. (sighs.)

Sir H. A tender sigh! Very well—If you needed farther encouragement, Sir Harry, there, I think you have it. Had I better go into the arbour, and seat myself by her side, at once? No, no—that, I think, will be too abrupt—notwithstanding her evident passion for me, she is devilish high; and her pride may take the alarm at any thing she considers presuming—this is the plan—*[takes a garden chair, and draws it close to the arbour.]* How shall I begin?

Mrs. L. (sighs again.)

Sir H. Another! I am afraid she will begin to think me very tardy—well, now for it. *(aside)* I—Madam—my passion—your charms—Oh! curse it! here will be another failure—rally your spirits, my dear Sir Harry. *(aside)* Permit me to say, Madam, I—I—I—love you to—to desperation—I would not see her face, now, for the world; 'for if she feel it necessary to look indignant, I 'should never be able to open my lips again, as 'long as I live.' *[aside]*

Mrs. L. (sighs again.)

Sir H. That will do—it is all right. *(aside)* You may judge my misery when I had reason to dread your marriage with another—that apprehension being removed, give me leave to hope that my fervent affection will not be treated with indifference—bravo, Sir Harry! I think I might venture to meet her looks, now. *(aside)* Oh, deign, then, loveliest of women, to behold your adorer at your feet!

Mrs. L. There is no resisting this—the hardest heart would melt—oh, Sir Harry!

[Comes out and throws herself on his neck.]

HEARTWORTH, *Lady JULIA, Lord DE MALLORY,*
and *Dr. SUITALL, enter.*

Heart. Well done, widow!

Lady Jul. Sir Harry!

Sir H. Lady Julia there!

Lady Jul. Yes; and I humbly entreat your pardon for interrupting so exquisite a love-scene.

Sir H. Why, Lady Julia—why Madam—(to *Mrs. Leech.*)

[*HEARTWORTH, Lady JULIA, and Lord DE MALLORY, laugh.*

Sir H. This is beyond endurance—I am ruined—the game is up with me, for ever—I'll never see day-light again—nor a human countenance. I have not a hope left—no consolation in nature—Yes, yes, I have—for there are such comforts still in existence, as flint and steel, and a powder-mill. [*Exit SIR HARRY.*

Heart. How he takes the discovery to heart! Why, widow, how much better you bear it! Qh! I suppose you are used to discoveries.

Mrs. L. Don't be scurrilous, Sir.

Doct. (going up to Mrs. Leech) Mrs. Leech, just permit me to say, that you have not paid a proper respect to delegated authority—you invested me with power to negotiate a treaty in one quarter, while you were ratifying a *very close* counteracting alliance in another—This is conduct at which, I am sure, your cousin the Ambassador would feel highly indignant—but I won't reprove you harshly, because I never lose my respect for persons of high connection.

Heart. Well, widow, at all events, you will now give up your claim on me—I am fairly exonerated.

Mrs. L. Certainly, Mr. Heartworth. The man who trifles with affection, can never, with reason, complain of its being transferred to another; and when you compare the pretensions of the two

objects in question, you cannot, I think, fail to admit, that a woman must possess very limited powers of discrimination, who would hesitate where to give the preference. Good day, Mr. Heartworth, you will excuse me I hope.

[Exit. Mrs. LEECH.]

Doct. I doubt whether her brother the General, could have made an abler retreat. Oh! there is a deal of the old soldier about her. I'll bring up her rear however—for if she is at issue with me, I must administer my specific *sedative*, adulation—that she may put in my plea with her cousin the Ambassador—Chargé d'Affaires, must never be lost sight of.

[Exit.]

Heart. Why, what the plague, can this mean? Is Sir Harry frantic? I thought he had a hankering kindness for you. (to Lady JULIA.)

Lady Jul. I never perceived it—but if that were the case, I suppose he was resolved to pique me for my insensibility, by convincing me that all women are not equally blind to his accomplishments.

Heart. I'll follow the poor fellow, however; for since he is so mad as to fall in love with the widow, he is desperate enough to do any thing.

[Exit.]

Lord De M. Is it possible, Lady Julia, that Sir Harry never declared a passion for you, or received encouragement.

Lady Jul. Encouragement from me!—Sir Harry receive encouragement! Never.

Lord De M. By this avowal you have given me life a second time.

Lady Jul. How could you conceive any thing so totally unfounded?

Lord De M. Pardon my absurdity—I blush to think that I should have been the dupe of scandal.

Lady Jul. I am shocked to think that I should be the object of it.

Lord De M. 'Tis the tax which superior excellence must pay to envy.—You have relieved me, Lady Julia, from the pangs of hopeless love—while your heart is not devoted to another, I will cherish the dear idea that you may be mine. Oh! give me the happiness of hearing from your own lips, that I am not hateful to you!

Lady Jul. Hateful is a strong word—no, no—indeed, you are not *quite* hateful to me.

Lord De M. On my knees, let me thank you for your goodness.

HEARTWORTH *re-enters.*

Heart. Hey-day! Pray, are you amusing yourselves by acting Sir Harry and the widow, or are you making love for yourselves, good people?

Lord De M. To you, and to the whole world, I am ready to avow my ardent passion for Lady Julia—and Lord De Mallory, now, [*going to avow himself.*]

Heart. Lord De Mallory! Don't mention that name—Lord De Mallory has on right here—and if you are even an acquaintance of his Lordship, it may be sufficient to ruin your chance.

Lady Jul. I have to inform you, Major Clayton, that, having purchased my freedom with the loss of my fortune, Lord De Mallory can claim no interference with me: so circumstanced, all mention of him must be unnecessary; and when I tell you that his very name is odious to me, I trust you will forbear to repeat it.

Heart. There now, you find I am right—If you are a friend of Lord De Mallory's cut the connection.

Lord de M. How violent the prejudice! I shall be ruined if I avow myself. (*aside*)

Heart. Major Clayton, give me your hand.—

Damn Lord de Mallory—I like you as much as I hate him—ay, and my cousin Julia likes you, too, whether she have told you so, or not.

Lady Jul. My dear Sir, you go too far.

Heart. Do I? Well, I shall mend that fault by going a great deal farther. I am a plain fellow, that come plump to a point at once—There stands Lady Julia Sandford, to whom, as respectable a Banker as ever Lombard Street produced, is ready to pay, on demand, the sum of twenty thousand pounds—This trifling circumstance being premised, I take the hand of the aforesaid Lady Julia, and consign it to Major Clayton, as a pledge that the Parson, shall cement the union to-morrow morning.

[Heartworth takes Lady Julia's hand—She just sufficiently reluctant, to accord with female delicacy—Lord de Mallory starts back.]

Heart. What the devil do you shrink at?—Oh! I dare swear you have got into your head, some confused notion that we shall make enquiries into your rent-roll, for which you may not be quite prepared—No, no, we are different kind of people—we know better—a soldier's rent-roll is the record of his gallant deeds—and yours, Major Clayton, is of higher value in my estimation, than the fee-simple of a whole country.

[Offering Lady Julia's hand again.]

Lord de M. I am distracted!—Despised as myself—valued only for the merit of the character I have assumed!—Accept her hand as an impostor? Impossible! I should be the most degraded of beings.

[Heartworth and Lady Julia, look with astonishment at his hesitation.]

Heart. While I possess a particle, in my composition, of such an ingredient as patience, allow me to ask, whence this extraordinary conduct proceeds?

Lord de M. I can, at present, give no explana-

tion—The treasure offered me, constitutes all I wish on earth—yet I must—distraction!—Lady Julia, pity me—do not hate me—Suspend your sentence on my conduct—By Heaven, I will not prove unworthy of you—Time shall clear all—

[*Exit Lord de Mallory.*]

Heart. [*walking about*] Whew—whew! I have exposed myself—I am a fool—a cursed old fool—“Time shall clear all”! shall it? I dare say—It is—it is, as clear as day—This damned fellow has got a wife somewhere, and when he has poisoned her, or cut her throat, he will then be here again, to marry you—Oh, Julia, forgive me! I am a precipitate old blockhead, easily imposed on by a specious appearance, and blazing reputation—A plague on all Gazettes!—I’ll never read another—Forgive me, my dear girl,—do, pray, forgive me!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Heartworth's House.*

DOCTOR SUITALL *enters, supporting ELLEN.*

Doctor Suitall.

LEAN hard—you must be a little faintish, but you look bloomingly, you do great credit to my medical skill. But let us now “throw physic to the dogs.” “Let us talk of war”—your father was a soldier?

El. Yes.

Doct. You naturally love a soldier?

El. (with a sigh.) Yes.

Doct. Good. I am one—Brevet Lieutenant. Any friends in the navy?

El. No. Besides those you know of, I have no friend, but one, *(with a sigh)* any where.

Doct. But one friend.—Rather scantily appointed. Well, one friend may do something. *(aside.)* Allow me to inquire who that friend may be?

El. 'Tis no matter.

Doct. Oh, ho! close on the subject—a friend in a corner—well, a friend in a corner frequently makes a family thrive prodigiously. Sorry her connections are so limited—but she is really very pretty; and I don't know any of my professions in which a pretty wife has not been the cause of promotion.—But I must come to the point. *(aside.)*

My charming patient, tell me—have not you felt a certain sensation called—

El. What?

Doct. Love.

El. Oh, yes!

Doct. You feel it now, may be?

El. Yes;—and shall, as long as I live.

Doct. I knew it—I knew it—Doctor you are a deluding rogue—you never fail. Ha! here is Lady Julia.

LADY JULIA and HEARTWORTH enter.

Lady Jul. My dear Ellen, I rejoice to see you so perfectly recovered.

Doct. You do me great honour.

Heart. How do you make out that?

Doct. Bless me! is not her perfect recovery a proof of my skill?

Heart. That's by no means clear; but I *will* allow you one merit—letting her recover so soon is a tolerable proof of your honesty.

El. (to Lady Julia.) Pray, Madam, where is the gentleman who saved my life?

Doct. At your elbow, to be sure.

El. I mean the gentleman who snatched me from the lake. I wish to tell him I am not ungrateful. [*Heartworth expresses anger.*]

Lady Jul. (evidently affected.) He is no longer here.

El. No! I am very sorry—I am told, that by saving me, he was almost drowned himself—Oh! what a generous, good man!

Heart. Generous—good—he is the greatest scoundrel in existence.

El. (much amazed,) Sir!

Lady Jul. Calm yourself, dear Sir!

Heart. (to Dr. Suitall.) And you—are not you a pretty fellow to introduce such a villain?

Doct. My dear Sir, consider the Extraordinary Gazette—One would have thought Major Clayton's being a villain impossible.

El. Major Clayton! yes, yes, that is impossible. (*with warmth.*)

Doct. What an animated defence! oh, ho! the friend in a corner, to a certainty. [*aside.*]

Lady Jul. Do you know Major Clayton?

El. Oh, yes, I do know him.

Heart. Poor thing! to your cost I dare swear. Ay, ay, I warrant he has an extensive acquaintance among such pretty girls as you.

Lady Jul. How came you to know him?

El. I'll tell you, Madam. My father served with him in India; and, when he lost his life, at the taking of Seringapatam.

Heart. Was your father at the taking of Seringapatam?

El. Yes, Sir,

Heart. His name?

El. Meredith.

Heart. How! the brave serjeant who was mortally wounded in the defence of his commanding officer?

El. Yes, Sir; and that officer was Major Clayton.

Heart. What do you tell me, your father lost his life in defending this man, who, as I guess, has been to you——

El. A second father!—oh, Sir, he has been everything to me.

Heart. Curse it, I was afraid so! [*half aside.*]

El. As soon as he came to England, he hastened to comfort my poor mother and myself.

Heart. A precious comforter!

El. He provided us with every thing we could desire; and, tho' I was in so humble a station, and he so great, yet he promised——

Heart. To marry you, I dare be sworn. The

old trick!—Yes, yes—I knew how this would end; and you expect, no doubt, that he will keep his word?

El. If he is alive, I am sure of it.

Heart. Bless your poor deluded heart! Take my advice, get a plain, honest husband as soon as you can; and think no more of your Major than he thinks of you.

El. (weeps.)

Doct. She weeps—poor dear! I am ordained to dry those tears—not her first love it appears—no matter—a second choice is a proof of amended judgment. Sir (to *Heartworth*) tho' I am not exactly of the description you recommend,—a plain honest—

Heart. What, you admit you have not any such pretensions.—To say the truth, I don't see how you can, for as there is supposed to be a little roguery in every profession, your sum total of honesty, must experience a multitude of drawbacks.

SERVANT enters.

Serv. A stranger, Sir, wishes to see you.

Heart. (to *Dr. Suitall*.) Is this another friend of yours? Damn all strangers! we have had enough of strangers.

Serv. What shall I say to him, Sir?

Heart. Tell him—no, no—don't let me become a brute, because I have met a rogue.—Tell the gentleman to walk in. [Exit Servant.]

Lady Jul. We will retire.

Heart. (pausing.) And so will I, too, till I know his errand—I am sick of strangers—Doctor, I will turn him over to you, and if he prove a scoundrel, then, you know, we shall be quit on the score of introduction.

Doct. With all my heart. A man like me who solicits an extensive connection, must not be too

scrupulous. Lady Julia, your most devoted. Miss Ellen, though, like Ariadne, deserted by a faithless Theseus—don't despair, I will be the jolly god, Bacchus, at your service. (*Exeunt Heartworth Lady Julia, and Ellen.*) Poor dear! all heathen Greek to her—I must give her a smattering of mythology.

(*Servant ushers in Major Clayton and exit.*)

Doct. Sir, your most obedient—my friend Mr. Heartworth has consigned to me, the honour of receiving you. May I beg to be favoured with your commands?

Cl. Sir, the motive for my intrusion, is to inquire after a lovely orphan, whom, I find, he has humanely taken under his protection.

Doct. Her name, Sir?

Cl. Ellen Meredith.

Doct. Oh—an object of general pursuit, I see—her connections will multiply amazingly—I must make her my own, with all expedition. (*Aside*) Sir, I have the pleasure of informing you that she is well, which happy event is entirely owing to the transcendent skill of a certain person who shall, at present, be nameless—and this same highly gifted, highly qualified, personage, who led her to the temple of Health, will shortly, lead her to the temple of Hymen.

Cl. And who, Sir, may this be?

Doct. One, who, when he has the honour of Miss Ellen's hand, will be proud to solicit your good offices.

Cl. Sir, what does all this mean?

Doct. You are in the dark, I find—I'll illumine you.—You must know, Sir, that this angelic creature was first over head and ears in love—then over head and ears in the water—and the same gentleman

who plunged her into the first dilemma dragged her out of the second.

Cl. And who is this gentleman?

Doct. You shall hear all anon, Sir.—Then followed a fever, which was speedily routed.—Health restored, there was no longer need of the doctor, who then transmuted himself into a lover, and has now the honour of presenting himself to your notice and patronage, in the several capacities of, Doctor of physic, Bachelor of civil law, Barrister at common law, Brevet Lieutenant in the army, and Midshipman on board the Atall brig—with more *et ceteras* than the oldest peer of the realm.

Cl. And you, Sir, are to be the husband of Ellen?

Doct. I trust so, Sir,—that is, if her first love fit prove perfectly pure and Platonic—otherwise, my honour, civil and military, forbids the banns.

Cl. And, who, Sir, is this lover you speak of?

Doct. Oh, a great rogue—he has made sad havoc here, in another quarter, too.

Cl. Indeed! His name, Sir?

Doct. If I confide it to you, you will, of course, not mention I called him a rogue; for it is my practice never to make an enemy—particularly of a brave man.

Cl. I will be secret.

Doct. Between ourselves, though, he is a most complete scoundrel.—His name is Clayton.

Cl. Sir!—What Clayton?

Doct. What Clayton? *The Clayton*—Major Clayton, who fought so bravely at Seringapatam.—You would not have thought him such a rogue, would you?

Cl. And are you certain, Sir, of the truth of your assertions?

Doct. Absolutely.—Mind, now, I would not have Major Clayton know what I tell you, for the world; but still, I assure you, he is clearly the

most consummate villain—(*going close, and looking him in the face.*)

Cl. (*In a very loud and determined tone*) Sir!

Doct. (*Starting back*) Bless my soul! What is the matter?

Cl. Have you ever received the punishment due to consummate falsehood?

Doct. I? Lord, no—why should I? I never told a lie in my life.—You'll observe, though I am called to the bar, I have never practised.

Cl. Sir, you have traduced an innocent girl, and calumniated a man of honour; but you shall not escape the chastisement you merit.

HEARTWORTH *enters.*

Heart. Heyday! What is all this? Chastisement! why, Doctor, this new connection is not likely to ripen into friendship.

Doct. No—though I certainly cannot upbraid the gentleman with treating me *coolly*.

Heart. Yet, notwithstanding, I think he keeps you at an awful distance.

Cl. You, I presume, Sir, are Mr. Heartworth. I am sorry to have been urged to such warmth under your roof.—Can you account, Sir, for the conduct of this man, in vilifying an innocent girl whom you have thought worthy of your protection?

Heart. He vilify! He did not dare, sure?

Doct. Bless you! I never thought of such a thing. I only hinted at Ellen's acknowledged affection for Major Clayton.

Heart. I am sorry to state that to be a fact, Sir.

Cl. And why should you lament her attachment to a man of honour?

Heart. Ah! damn it, Sir, you have been deceived, like me, by the Extraordinary Gazette.

Doct. That is the fact, Sir—Our little misun-

derstanding has been all owing to the Extraordinary Gazette.

Cl. Gentlemen are you in your senses, or have I lost mine? What has Major Clayton done, inconsistent with his general estimation?

Heart. Oh—I will soon settle his estimation in your mind—You think you can defend him?

Cl. I am certain of it.

Heart. Very well—we shall see.—In the first place, seducing the affections of an innocent girl in humble life, under a promise of marriage, is, I presume, a mere *bagatelle*—a *ruse de guerre*—an allowable military manœuvre?

Cl. No, Sir! an execrable act of baseness—and most unworthy of a soldier; for 'tis the achievement of a coward. To turn the pure spring of affection into the polluted stream of infamy, is the worst of villany; and, to injure the being [whom love has rendered defenceless, and a reliance on your honour has placed in your power, is the most degraded act of treachery and cowardice.

Heart. Give me your hand, Sir;—I always despised those fellows who purchase the title of men of gallantry at the expense of every quality that constitutes a man of honour.

Cl. Then, Sir, as Major Clayton is a man of honour, he cannot have acted as you describe.

Heart. But I assert he promised marriage to Ellen Meredith.

Cl. Which promise, he will most religiously perform.

Heart. Will he?—Then, Sir, I have you in a cleft stick—If that be his intention, how did he dare make his addresses to a woman of rank, under my protection,—Lady Julia Sandford?

Doct. Ay, Sir,—how do you account for that? We shall pose this defender clearly.

Cl. Make his addresses to Lady Julia Sandford! He never beheld Lady Julia Sandford.

Heart. Oh, come, come—have done, have done.—Eh! Doctor, we are to be cajoled out of our senses, I see—Here stands the very man who introduced him.

Doct. 'Tis a melancholy fact, Sir—I was the unfortunate agent—

Cl. Of the devil, it should seem, by your enormous falsehoods. Be assured that shame will quickly reach you—But to the purpose of my visit—'Tis to see Ellen Meredith.

Heart. Sir, I must know you better before I consent to that.

Doct. You are right. Stick to that point—He is a terribly dangerous fellow. If there were a Phoenix-Office for insuring female virtue, an acquaintance with a soldier would be excepted against like combustible matter, and no more within the intent of a policy, than a powder-mill.

Cl. Sir, my right to see Ellen Meredith is indisputable, and—

Ellen (without.) I heard my name—and from a voice—*(enters)* ah! it is he—it is Major Clayton!—*(runs to him.)*

Doct.

and

Heart.

} Major Clayton!

Heart. *(looking first with great surprise at Major Clayton, and then turning, with ludicrous indignation, to the Doctor, who retreats—Heartworth following him.)* And, pray, Sir, what sharper of your acquaintance did you introduce to me as this gentleman?

Doct. What shall I do? all is up with me here, I shall never get another customer.—Sir, I have been imposed upon—advantage has been taken of my credulity—but I will have redress—I will follow the impostor through the world—He has destroyed my practice as a Physician, and I will be revenged as a Lawyer. He has injured my reputation as

a man, and I will have satisfaction, naval and military—I'll challenge and I'll capias him—I'll change into every shape, to pursue him.—If I find he is in debt, damn it, I'll turn bailiff, to have the pleasure of arresting him. *[Exit.*

Heart. (*calling after him*). Contrive to get him for a patient; he'd be in most danger from your physic. Let me welcome you, now, Major Clayton, as your merits demand; and pray forget, if possible, the inhospitable reception you have experienced.

Cl. It was owing to mistake, Sir; and, therefore, does not require the slightest consideration. And now, sir, accept my warmest thanks for the protection you have afforded this lovely girl.

Heart. To protect the orphan, Sir, is the common duty of a man; but, to relieve every one from oppression, is an English gentleman's province—'tis a debt he owes for his own felicity; and, besides, the best security for the independence of his mansion is, to see freedom flourish in the cot beneath it. All that is dear to himself must be well defended, when the lowest man in the ranks has rights of his own to maintain. *[Exeunt.*

Another Room in HEARTWORTH's House.

RANDALL and a Servant of HEARTWORTH's enter.

Serv. I hope, Sir, you ben't a stranger?

Ran. Why so, friend?

Serv. Because, if you be, I would rather not mention that you are here.

Ran. No! why?

Serv. My master, somehow, doesn't fancy 'em much. When I told him, this morning, there was a stranger wanted him, what do you think now he said?

Ran. I am sure I can't tell,

Serv. Why, he said, "Damn all strangers—we have had enough of strangers."

Ran. But I want to speak to Lady Julia; and I am no stranger to her.

Serv. Oh, I should not mind if you were; for I have not heard her damn strangers yet. Well, I'll tell Lady Julia a friend wants her.

Ran. No, no—that is too familiar—not a friend—

Serv. Not a friend! oh, but I might have known that; for a friend is a stranger, almost every where.

Ran. Tell her, her old faithful Randall wishes to see her.

Serv. Old faithful Randall? Yes, I will tell her so—old Mr. faithful Randall. [Exit.

Ran. How I long to see the dear creature once again!—I thought I should have been more fatigued by my journey; but even old age feels little toil, when the mind is intent on the pleasure of beholding an object it loves. Ah! here she comes.

LADY JULIA enters.

Lady Jul. My dear good friend, how glad I am to see you!

Ran. The sight of you, my sweet Lady, makes me young again. I am come all the way from De Mallory Castle, to fetch home a truant. You surely won't break my heart by refusing to return.

Lady Jul. Nay, dear Randall, why do you urge what you know I must deny?

Ran. No, no, you won't deny, when you hear what I have to say. Lord De Mallory is the most altered creature—he is the gentlest, the most amiable—

Lady Jul. Ah! you have strong partialities.'

Ran. Do not 'you Lady,' persist in prejudices, when the cause which inspired them ceases to exist. Your brother feels the warmest friendship for Lord De Mallory, and—

Lady Jul. My brother! Is my brother returned to England?

Ran. Yes—and I fear your conduct has been misrepresented to him.

Lady Jul. How misrepresented?

Ran. Forgive me if I tell you painful truths. Your leaving the castle has been imputed to motives beyond aversion to a marriage with Lord De Mallory. Sir Harry Aspen is believed to be a favoured lover.

Lady Jul. Can this be possible?

Ran. It is; and therefore I came hither to beg you to return, to vindicate your reputation. I have been as loud in your defence as my old lungs would let me. It almost made me frantic to hear you taxed with artifice, whom I know to have a heart all openness and innocence.

Lady Jul. Thanks, good Randall! However painful it is to me to return, I owe it to my honour, and must and will assert myself. It is the fashion to hear friends traduced, with the most well-bred apathy; and to be warm in their defence, is deemed a boisterous violation of the harmony of civilized scandal. You exhibit an amiable contrast to such unfeeling refinement; and shame on all those who, unlike yourself, suffer a reputation to be sullied, without asserting the cause of truth; and who meanly purchase the character of polished forbearance, at the expense of man's noblest attribute—zeal for the vindication of innocence! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle of De Mallory.*

LORD DE MALLORY *and his Mother.*

Lord De Mallory.

SO that, my dear Madam, all you have heard of Lady Julia's conduct is erroneous. I assert her innocence, and am both proud and happy in the assurance that she loves me.

Lady de M. (contemptuously). Her flying from the castle at your approach is a convincing proof of it.

Lord de M. She was justified in avoiding me. My boyish insolence, my unwarrantable impetuosity, authorized her former dislike to me; but that has subsided with the cause of it, and my corrected disposition has converted repugnance into affection.

Lady de M. Well,—granting her affection—is your honour to be sacrificed to that fluctuating caprice, called love? Had your ancestors consulted such feelings, instead of their dignity, you might not now be possessed of the proud titles which distinguish you.

Lord de M. Shall I disgrace my inheritance, Madam, by consulting my happiness?

Lady de M. Doubtless—if your happiness be consulted at the expense of your honour. Having been rejected by the versatile being whose affections you now boast of possessing, Miss Alford be-

came your appointed bride. She, now in your castle, ready to obey the will of your mutual ancestor in becoming your wife, what honourable path remains for you, but as such to receive her?

Lord de M. Madam, I can never—

Lady de M. My Lord.

Lord de M. Still, I confess, the greatest delicacy ought to be observed towards her; and I am anxious for an explanation with her. (*going.*)

Lady de M. And, during that explanation, my Lord, remember who you are—the representative of an illustrious house; who ought to consider, that, for the advantage of the titles and estates you derive from your ancestors, you owe some respect to what you may term their prejudices. (*Exit Lord de Mallory.*) How strange his infatuation for this girl. What, if her partiality for Sir Harry be a falsehood? Was not my son the object of her contemptuous rejection? My Lord de Mallory, whence arises your degeneracy? She who bore you, never could forget an insult, nor ever missed the moment for revenging it. Ha! here comes one who may aid me most effectually,

MAJOR CLAYTON *enters.*

Major Clayton, your presence here, which will be at all times highly gratifying, is now peculiarly desirable. I know your influence with my son; and you will not, I am sure, abet him in acting contrary to his honour.

Cl. You may be assured of that, Madam.

Lady de M. His marriage with Miss Alford, which must immediately take place—

Cl. Would indeed be contrary to his honour.

Lady de M. Sir, I wish strongly to recommend it.

Cl. I am sorry for it, Madam, for I cannot.

Lady de M. You would not, surely, recom-

mend his marriage with Lady Julia, whose conduct I cannot reflect on but with indignation.

Cl. I thought we were on the subject of your son's honour, not of your Ladyship's resentment.

Lady de M. Can they be separated?

Cl. In this instance, I am certain they never can be united.

Lady de M. I see your friendship prompts you to accord with my son's inclinations: I cannot but feel surprised at this, when I consider the liberty Lord de Mallory took with your name.

Cl. For which liberty with my name, all I require, is, Madam, that he may leave no blemish on it.—But 'tis impossible he should—He is a British Peer, and I a British Soldier—Honour is the bond of both. Lord de Mallory, be assured, will fulfil every engagement to which he has pledged the name of Clayton.

Your Ladyship may now perceive that my honour is committed with your son's, for the completion of his union with Lady Julia Sandford—Of course, it must be as impossible for you to require me, as for me to consent to become the instrument of my own disgrace.

[Exeunt on different sides.]

SCENE II.—*The Hall of the Castle.*

LORD DE MALLORY *enters.*

The time approaches rapidly for the completion of the prescribed marriage with one of my relatives, or the forfeiture of my fortune. Welcome ruin, in preference to an union but with my adored Julia. Her brother must long since have reached the Lake of Windermere—have removed his sister's prepossessions and explained that the supposed Clayton, who apparently rejected her, will sooner perish

than accept the hand of another—Here is Miss Alford—My task, now, is a very perplexing one—to tell a pretty young woman, that it is impossible for me to love her,

MISS ALFORD *enters*.

Miss Alford, I have solicited this interview to pour out my whole heart to you.

Miss Al. His whole heart—oh, he loves me, and I am undone. [*Aside.*

Lord de M. To talk of tender sentiments and the force of inclination would be deemed by many of our rank as a vulgar deviation from the cold system of noble alliance.

Miss Al. Oh, I am in a pitiable situation !

[*Aside.*

Lord de M. She seems much agitated—I fear her wishes strongly incline her to this union, and I hardly know how to proceed—but I must be explicit. [*Aside.*] Madam, I have to declare to you, that a passion of the most fervent nature—

Miss Al. My Lord—Since I must speak, I had better get it over.—[*Aside.*] Though my delicacy is wounded at what I am to utter, yet I must express to your Lordship, the state of my heart—it is so absolutely devoted—

Lord de M. Dear Madam, how much you honour me beyond my merit!—Here's a predicament !

[*Aside.*

Miss Al. My Lord—I was going to say—

Lord de M. I feel all, Madam, that you were going to say.

Miss Al. No, indeed, my Lord, you do not.

Lord de M. Don't let your delicacy be further wounded, by saying a syllable more.

Miss Al. Oh yes, my Lord—my delicacy will be shockingly wounded, unless I say a great deal more ; for—for I believe your Lordship has a little

misunderstood me—I was going to say, that—that my heart is so absolutely devoted to another.

Lord de M. To another, Madam!

Miss Al. Now, don't be so violent—yes, my Lord, to another,—and therefore, the passion your Lordship was so good as to express for me—

Lord de M. My dear Miss Alford—

Miss Al. Now don't frighten me.

Lord de M. This is really so strange. [*laughing.*]

Miss Al. Lord! he is quite hysterical with passion—I'll get away from him.

Lord de M. [*detaining her.*] Stay till I explain.

Miss Al. Well, I will, if you will be calm.—

Lord de M. I am too happy to be very calm—for I was going to declare to you, that *my* heart is absolutely devoted to another.

Miss Al. Now, were you, upon your honour?

Lord de M. I was, indeed.

Miss Al. And you really don't care at all, for me?

Lord de M. Not a — Oh! yes, very much,—as my cousin.

Miss Al. Your indifference is charming—my dear, dear Lord, I can kiss you as my cousin; which I assure you I never could have done, as my husband. Now, for Heaven's sake, let us keep our real sentiments concealed from Lady de Mallory as long as we can—I so dread her anger. Let her believe we are quite charmed with each other.

Lord de M. Certainly—any thing you desire.

Miss Al. But how shall we contrive at last to avoid the noose they are preparing for us?

Lord de M. Are you determined to refuse me, at all events?

Miss Al. Oh, most absolutely.

Lord de M. Then the worst that can happen, is a sacrifice of fortune.

Miss Al. It can scarcely be considered a sacri-

fice when we part with fortune to maintain the freedom of the heart.

Lord de M. I congratulate you, my dear cousin, on possessing the wisdom which the insensible call romance—to determine on the enjoyment of happiness, under any privation, with the man of your choice, rather than make a cold compromise for gloomy splendour, and heartless society, at the expense of the only true delight of life—domestic bliss. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene continues—LADY JULIA enters, conducted by RANDALL.

Lady Jul. My brother, you say, has quitted the Castle—then, wherefore should you urge me to remain? I came to vindicate myself to him—To no one else do I owe an explanation of my conduct.

Ran. Yes, my dear Lady—you owe it to yourself. ‘Do not let your pride aid the malice of your enemies.’

Lady Jul. Still, I will not avow myself until my brother’s return, therefore, I must desire you for the present to obtain for me, a secure retreat.’

Ran. And will you leave the Castle, without seeing Lord de Mallory?

Lady Jul. No longer press me to behold the object of my aversion.

Ran. Will you refuse to gratify the fond wish—Call it a foolish one, if you please—of an old man who feels a Father’s love for you?—Ha! I see my Lord, yonder.

Lady Jul. Let me fly him.

Ran. [*detaining her.*] Nay—he is not coming this way—See—he passes on.

Lady Jul. [*looking towards Lord de M.*] What!

that—that, he? That, Lord de Mallory? Oh, Heaven!

[*much agitated.*]

Ran. Lady Julia, you alarm me!

Lady Jul. Don't be frightened—I am better—Oh, yes—much—much better—But are you certain—quite certain, that was Lord de Mallory?

Ran. How can you doubt it?

Lady Jul. Indeed, indeed, I don't wish to doubt it—but I am so astonished—I should like to see him again—(*Randall expresses much pleasure*) but without being known to him. Tell me, where can you conceal me, that I may see him, undiscovered.

Ran. [*pointing to a large stand of plants and flowers.*] Place yourself there—Should he, or any one, come too near, you can make your retreat into my apartment. See, he is approaching.

[*They retire—She behind the flower-stand, he, into a Room near it.*]

Lord de Mallory enters, with a miniature picture in his hand.

Lord de M. Dear image of the beloved of my heart, but for thy solace, how insufferable were each moment unblest with her presence! With what redoubled delight I gaze upon thy charms, since the avowal which facilitates my union with thy adored original!—Here *she* comes whose charming ingenuousness has made me thus happy.

[*Lord de Mallory is near a Table, on which he lays the Picture, when he sees Miss Alford coming, and goes to meet her.*]

Miss ALFORD enters.

Miss A. How differently we meet, now our

hearts are open to each other—our brows are no longer clouded with distrust. Your mother is quite delighted at the change we exhibit—she wants to see you; and I undertook to bring you to her.

Lord de M. Thank you, my dear cousin.

Miss A. No wonder she is pleased, when she finds me positively courting opportunities to be running after you—Aren't you highly flattered?

Lord de M. Doubtless, after your frank declaration to me.

Miss A. Well—no two beings ever avowed their sentiments more decidedly; and, I am sure, we can never doubt each other's sincerity.

Lord de M. And may we, through life, be as happy as such sincerity deserves! If it were more generally practised, how much fewer would be the number of miserable alliances!

[*Exeunt Lord de M. and Miss Alford.*

[*Lady JULIA comes forward in great agitation.*]

Lady Julia. Is there, on this earth, so wretched a being as myself?—'Tis all plain.—Resentment for my infatuated rejection of him, determined Lord De Mallory to feign a passion for me, for the purpose of rending my heart. He has succeeded—he is amply revenged!—Foolish, proud, weak girl, how have you trifled with your bliss! All is lost!—My cousin Harriet has his love—will be his wife—and I—Oh! I shall go distracted—(*seeing the miniature on the table*) He has left her picture—with what rapture did he gaze on it! with what ecstasy did he kiss it, (*opening the case gradually, then looking with astonishment*) Heaven! have I my senses?—it is—Oh, no—it can't be—Yes, it is—it is my—my picture. (*sinks into a chair.*)

RANDALL *enters*.

Ran. Lady Julia—dear Lady Julia—‘this agitation—

‘Lady Jul. Don’t be alarmed—tell me—whose—whose likeness is this? (*shewing him the picture*).

Ran. Yours, my sweet lady.

Lady Jul. Are you sure? Indeed, I thought so; but still I feared I might be mistaken.’

Ran. Now, let me hope you no longer wish to be concealed—let me tell Lord de Mallory—

Lad. Jul. No, no, not yet—not yet; Lead me to your apartment—let Miss Alford only, know I am here; she can explain fully. Give me your arm—let us be gone—. I dread to meet Lady de Mallory. I feel at present quite unequal to such an encounter.— I am faint—very faint—but indeed, much, much happier, [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *continues*.

Doctor SUITALL *enters*.

So, here have I traced the impostor—the pretended Major Clayton. What tricks is he playing now, I wonder? Whom does he pass for in this castle?—One piece of good fortune results from this mishap,—it will be the means of introducing me to Lord de Mallory. His patronage may afford fine scope for the exertion of my talents. I wonder whether he has a borough vacant. Sir Harry Aspen!

Sir HARRY ASPEN *enters*.

Your most devoted servant. I have not had the

pleasure of seeing you, Sir Harry, since that comical interview between you and the widow.

Sir Har. Sir!

Doct. It was very droll—very facetious, upon my honour—tho' you were a little angry at the moment, you must have had many a hearty laugh at it, since.

Sir Har. Damnation!

Doct. To see the old Tabby with her arms so lovingly round your neck! I am sure you are a man that likes a joke, and therefore I must tell you that I have taken a sketch of the situation.—How you will laugh when you see it!

Sir Har. (*seizes him by the collar, frantic with rage.*)

Doct. What the devil is the matter now.

Sir Har. Mark me, Sir.

Doct. Yes, Sir.

Sir Har. I don't mind death, Sir—

Doct. But I do; and to throttling, I have a peculiar aversion.

Sir Har. Will you hear me, Sir?

Doct. With great pleasure, if you'll not let your action be quite so impressive.

Sir Har. Then, Sir, if you don't tear your damned caricature into a thousand pieces, I'll tear you into as many—for I'd sooner be gibbeted for a murderer, on Hounslow Heath, than hung up for a fool in St. James's Street.

Doct. Oh—you don't like a joke—say no more, my dear Sir Harry; I'll never trouble you with one, either orally, in manuscript, in print, or etching.—Pray do me the honour to acknowledge me in this mansion—may be, you'll condescend so far as to present me—

Sir Har. Not I, Sir, don't cling to me for support. You are here on your own footing, and must make your own way.

Doct. Don't be so unforgiving—pardon me this

once, Sir Harry—and now I find your nerves are so irritable, depend on it, I will never apply a stimulus to you again; I'll be as sheathing as oil, and as tranquillizing as opium.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *the last.*

A grand Apartment in the Castle.

Lady DE MALLORY *enters, with Miss ALFORD in a Bridal Dress.*

Lady de M. Now for the completion of my wishes. My dear Harriet, with what delight I behold you arrayed as the bride of my son.

Sir HARRY ASPEN *enters.*

Sir Har. I am happy to see your Ladyship. I hope I am not too late to have the pleasure of witnessing Lord De Mallory's nuptials.

Lady de M. You are arrived in time, Sir Harry; let me present you to the bride—

[*Sir Harry is much delighted.*]
and I hope my son will soon repay the compliment with which you honour him by witnessing (if it have not already taken place) your union with Lady Julia.

Sir Har. My union with Lady Julia, Madam? I declare I—I don't know—I should be too happy—I—I am mortally afraid she is bantering me. (*aside.*)

Lady De M. You seem a little abashed, Sir Harry. Come, come; when Lord de Mallory is this lady's husband, you will feel less restraint in avowing your passion for her to whom he once was to have been allied.

Doct. Suitall (without) Now, do pray, let me see

his lordship ; my business is of the utmost consequence.

Doctor SUITALL *enters, and a Servant.*

Serv. (to Lady de Mallory.) My lady, this gentleman will see his lordship, spite of all we can do to hinder him.

Miss A. Permit me, Madam, to withdraw for a few moments. *[Exit Miss Alford.]*

Doct. I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons.—

Lady de M. You have chosen a strange time, Sir, for your intrusion. What is your business?

Doct. To detect an impostor, Madam, whom I have traced to this noble mansion.—Ah ha ! here he comes.

Lord de MALLORY *enters.*

Have I found you, Sir? This is the fellow, Madam ; I will rid the castle of him, I warrant you. Have you no more respect for the illustrious inhabitants of this stately pile than to intrude yourself here? Come, come, Sir, turn out, directly, before I expose your Windermere tricks.

Lady de M. A lunatic !

Doct. No, no, madam—a sharper.

MAJOR CLAYTON and ELLEN *enter.*

Major Clayton ! this is luck, indeed. Here is the impostor who passed for you. Pray, who does he pass for here?

Cl. For Lord de Mallory.

Doct. What ! in Lord de Mallory's own castle?

Cl. Yes : and here it would be impossible for him to pass for any body else.

Doct. Hey ! why?

Cl. Because he happens to be, really and truly, Lord de Mallory.

Doct. Oh dear!

Sir Har. Lord de Mallory! oh the devil! Then Lord de Mallory witnessed my scene with the widow.

Lord de M. Yes, Doctor, I am Lord de Mallory; and have certainly some excuses to make to you, for presenting myself in a feigned character.

Doct. Excuses, my dear Lord! You have honoured me beyond expression.—Peers, my Lord, have privileges—

Lord de M. Yes, Doctor; but if joking be one, they don't often exercise it.

Doct. Here is a connection! I am a made man. [*aside.*

Lady de M. My Lord, your bride approaches. [*Lady Julia enters with bride-maids at the same door through which Miss Alford retired, dressed exactly like her—with a veil over her face.*]

Lord de M. No intelligence from Julia yet!—her brother not returned! This dilemma is dreadful.

[*Lord de Mallory takes Lady Julia by the hand, and leads her forward.*]

Lord de M. [*to Lady de M. and Sir Harry Aspen.*] You are in expectation of an event which can never take place. I am prepared to make the sacrifice of my fortune, rather than unite myself in opposition to my inclinations! 'Tis a great alleviation to the distress of this moment, to know that the sentiments of the lady destined to be a joint victim, accord with my own.

Lady de M. My Lord, you astonish me. Do not, in palliation of your headstrong conduct, attempt to misrepresent the sentiments of another. The Lady is disposed to obey the will of her ancestor, by receiving you as her husband.

Lord de M. That shall soon be put to trial. Madam, are you not prepared to reject me?

Lady Jul. No.

Lord de M. What! will you receive me as your husband?

Lady Jul. Yes.

Lord de M. Well, Madam! I shall not imitate your mutability. I reject you.

Lady Jul. (*lifting up her veil.*) No, no—don't say so.

Lord de M. Julia!

^MISS ALFORD *enters.*

Lady Jul. To this dear girl I owe my happiness.

Lord de M. I am filled with wonder and delight.

Miss Al. Come, Madam, (*to Lady de Mallory*) do not suffer your regret to cloud our joy. It was vain to oppose destiny. My heart is devoted as irrevocably to the amiable brother of my friend, as hers to your son.

Lady de M. Well—I will endeavour to extract happiness for myself from the general felicity.

(*Heartworth without.*) She is here—Lady Julia is here, you say?

HEARTWORTH *and* RANDALL *enter.*

Heart. Ha! have I found you at last?

Lady Jul. Yes; and you are just come in time to give me away to one, who, though he refused me as Major Clayton, is ready to receive me, as Lord de Mallory.

Lord de M. And be assured, Sir, that Lord de Mallory is fully sensible of the blessing which awaits him.

Heart. (to *Lady Julia.*) If you are happy I have my desire.

Lady Julia. (taking *Randall* by the hand.) And here is one who partakes no small portion of the joy he has been so zealous to promote.

Ran. Indeed, indeed, my heart is full of it.

Sir Har. Disappointed in all my hopes, I had better quietly retire to hide my chagrin, and escape the horrors of ridicule.

[As he is going *Mrs. LEECH* enters.]

Mrs. L. Sir Harry!

Heart. There, Sir Harry!—Reward her perseverance—Consider the journey she has taken in pursuit of you—and travelling at her time of life is a serious thing.

Sir Har. This is all I wanted to make me completely frantic. In a few minutes I have lost the chance of a brilliant estate—of a lady I have long adored—and, to wind up all, I am to be laughed at by the world as this old mouser's *Corydon*.

Mrs. L. What! deserted and insulted? Here is treatment! But I will expose your perfidy, and give a fresh warning to sensitive hearts, not to trust perfidious man—I will be revenged, you barbarous monster! [Exit.]

Doct. Sir Harry don't be agitated—she has connections, and you have patronage—if you'll sweeten the dose I am ready to swallow it for your sake; and will draw off her vengeance from you, by marrying her myself.

Sir Har. Will you be such a friend?

[*Dr. SUITALL* draws *SIR HARRY* apart.]

Lady Julia. (coming forward with *Ellen*, *Lord de Mallory*, *Major Clayton*, &c. who have been talking apart.) And my dear *Ellen*'s marriage shall be celebrated with mine. My own happiness, my sweet girl, is augmented by yours.

Ellen. You are too kind—indeed I am happy far beyond my humble merit.

EPILOGUE.

A philanthropic impulse proud to feel,
Breathes the wide wish for social nature's weal,
And pants to learn that, rising from her trance,
Indignant Europe spurns the yoke of France.
The simple maid, whose bosom throbs with cares
Far distant from the thought of state affairs,
Might wish the subject of our play would prove
A tender story of connubial love.
They who in wedlock's happy state rejoice,
Might hope for news to justify their choice;
Though envious Bachelors that state abuse,
And say, its comforts would, indeed, be news.
The Critics come, we fear, full fraught with gall,
For the poor pleasure of a Poet's fall.—
But here, indeed, their spleen we can resist—
Extra Gazettes contain no Bankrupt list.—
What if, for once, they prop an Author's cause,
And spread the kind contagion of applause?
Do, rigid censors, take a friendly hint—
Let such a wondrous deed appear in print.—
For such a good example should you set
'Twill make a most Extrord'nary Gazette,
And shew, if British heroes nobly dare,
That British Critics can as nobly spare.

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Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strains.

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